REDCLIFF REVIEW

VOLUME 2 | REDCLIFF, ALBERTA, FRIDAY, AUG. 30, 1912. | NUMBER 35

REDCLIFF NO LONGER A VILLAGE

The Petition of the Rate Payers for a Town Charter Has Been Granted.

The following official information was received from Edmonton last Monday:

Approved and Ordered.

LIEUTENANT GOVERNOR

Edmonton, Monday, Aug. 19, 1912.

The Honorable, the Attorney General, reports, under date of Aug. 9th, 1912, that he has had under consideration the petition of the rate payers of the Village of Redcliff for the erection of the said Village into a town municipality, under the provisions of the municipal ordinance, 1901.

And, whereas, satisfactory proof of the preliminary acts and requirements requisite to the erection of the said Village into a town has been furnished,

Therefore, upon the recommendation of the Honorable, the Attorney General, the Executive Council advises that the proclamation of the Lieutenant Governor in council do issue, proclaiming that on and after the 9th day of August, 1912, the said Village of Redcliff be erected into a town municipality, in accordance with the said ordinance, to be known as the Town of Redcliff, and that the area of the said town of Redcliff consist of the following lands: All that portion of the south half of section seventeen (17) lying south of the right of way of the Canadian Pacific Railway Company, the whole of section eight (8) and that part of section five (5) lying north of the South Saskatchewan river, all in township thirteen (13), range six (6), west of the fourth meridian, together with all road allowance and public roads lying within or adjoining the limits of the above described lands.

The Executive Council further advises, upon the recommendation of the Honorable, the Attorney General, that Donald McLachlan, of Redcliff, Alberta, be named as the returning officer for the holding of the first election of Mayor and Councilors for the said town.

Certified a True Copy.

J. C. THOMSON,

For Clerk of Executive Council.

This means that an election will have to be held shortly to choose a mayor and six councilors, the date for which has not been determined.

Under the provincial town act a man to be eligible to any one of these positions must be a citizen of the British Empire, either native or naturalized, and must have $500 worth of real property clear of all debt. Under this law there are very few men in Redcliff who are qualified to fill the positions, not to exceed 15 all told. This may seem strange to outsiders, but the fact is that the big business men and property owners are foreigners from the United States, only one of whom has been in Canada long enough to take out naturalization papers.

All rate payers, both men and women, paying taxes on real property, are entitled to vote whether citizens or not, providing they have paid their taxes.

The date of the election will probably be announced in next week's issue of the REVIEW.

SCHOOL OPENS NEXT TUESDAY

The Redcliff public school will open next Tuesday morning, after a nine weeks' vacation. It is expected that there will be quite an increase in the attendance over last term, as several families have moved into Redcliff this summer. Mr. Eustice Dudley, of Calgary, and Miss Georgia Gordon, of Medicine Hat, have been engaged as teachers, Mr. Dudley taking the place vacated by Mr. Colter.

Anglican Church Business Meeting

There will be a meeting of the parishioners of Redcliff parish of the Anglican church, on Saturday, August 31st, 1912, at 7 o'clock p. m., at the home of Mrs. Ferguson, for the purpose of electing church officers and transacting other business. All church members and those who have been baptised and are over 18 years of age are entitled to vote.

SHIP TWO CAR LOADS THIS WEEK

The Ornamental Iron Company made two large shipments this week, one to Winnipeg and one to Calgary. The shipment made last Monday to Winnipeg completes the work for the Confederation Life Chambers building.

The car sent out Wednesday to Calgary was loaded with ornamental iron and fire escapes for three buildings in Calgary.

Expects Grain to Be Better Quality

William Black, of Montreal, vice-president of the Ogilvie Flour Mills Company, when interviewed in Winnipeg last Monday on the crop conditions in the prairie provinces, said he was not prepared to make an estimate of the total yield so early in the season.

"The crops, while generally favorable, will not yield, on the average per acre, so well as they did last year," said Mr. Black. "However, we expect that the grain will be of an all-round better quality."

"The labor question," continued the Montreal miller, "while the newer sections, no doubt, are handicapped by a shortage of harvest hands, reports from our elevator points indicate that the supply of men is sufficient.

Investigate Meat Combine

TORONTO, Aug. 27.—A petition to the governor-general asking for the appointment of a royal commission to investigate the alleged meat trust operating in Canada has been drafted by the city council.

BREVITIES

In publishing the number of men employed and the amount of wages paid each month in last week's issue, we failed to give that of McLachlan & McLean, contractors, which adds considerably to the men employed and to the monthly payroll, they employing from 10 to 15 men, and their payroll amounting to about $1,500 per month, which brings Redcliff's payroll to nearly $20,000, instead of a little over $27,000 as published last week.

There will be an Anglican church service held next Sunday evening, commencing at 8 p. m., at Maple Hall, Mr. J. H. Baldwin officiating.

A very interesting sight was witness by our people last Tuesday morning, when a drove of 10,000 sheep passed through town. These sheep had been driven overland from Montana and were on their way to the Western Horse ranch at Crowfoot, Alta., about 40 miles from Calgary. They travel on an average of six miles a day and feed on the country.

A meeting of the rate payers of the Redcliff School District has been called for Tuesday, Sept. 10th, at 10 o'clock a. m., at the school house, for the purpose of electing a trustee to succeed William A. Dodge, resigned. All who are interested in the school management should turn out.

Mr. and Mrs. J. E. Robbins, who have been here visiting with Mrs. Robbins' son and daughter Mr. S. S. and Miss Gaynelle Timmons, for the past two weeks, left last Tuesday for their home in Delphi, Indiana.

Mr. Fred Brecknor, who is employed by the Ornamental Iron Company, left early this morning for a 15 days visit to his old home in Minneapolis, Minn.

J. W. Moran, left the first of the week to accept a position in Lethbridge. His family expect to follow shortly.

Mr. John Marley purchased lots 21 and 22, block 16, this week.

Mr. A. B. Hagg and J. Blin, of Winnipeg, arrived here Monday and went to work for the Ornamental Iron Company Tuesday morning.

A large number of Redcliff people attended the Medicine Hat fair Wednesday and Thursday of this week.

To Add Manuel Training Course

"We are going to teach the future mothers of this city to cook, make their own dresses and trim their own hats, and we are going to teach the future breadwinners to shoe a horse, build a house, make a dynamo, manufacture furniture, and do all the other necessary and practical things that are in demand."

This is the edict of the Winnipeg school trustees in its announcement to the people of Winnipeg last Wednesday. All of this technical work will be taught in Winnipeg's two new magnificent high schools, and is further evidence that from the standpoint of progressiveness the Winnipeg school board takes rank with the best.

FINE BRICK RESIDENCE

L. H. Bryant, of the Clay Products Company, to Erect Residence.

Mr. L. H. Bryant, of the Clay Products Company, will soon commence the erection of a large 7-room brick residence, with bath and all modern conveniences, on a sight about 600 feet west of the company's new office building and facing on Broadway, plans for which are now being drawn, which will cost nearly $5,000. It will be of the bungalow type and will have several large fire places and a large veranda in front and on the sides. The walls will be built of the company's finest pressed brick and will undoubted be the finest residence in Redcliff. Mr. Bryant informed us this week that it's erection will be commenced in about two weeks and will be completed as soon as possible, as he wishes to move into it before the real cold weather sets in.

Mr. Bryant and family are now residing in Medicine Hat, being unable to get a house in Redcliff last spring when they moved here from Hammond, Indiana.

PUTTING IN DUMP SCALES.

The Mill & Elevator Company started the work this week of placing dump scales in front of the mill. This will make it much easier for the farmers to unload their wheat at the mill.

WILL RENDER THE "HOLY CITY"

Mr. A. Lowrie-Robson has consented to sing the "Holy City" at divine services next Sunday evening at the Presbyterian Church. This will be Mr. Robson's last solo for some time.

The pastor, Rev. Mr. Gordon, will preach.

U. S. to Close Post-offices on Sunday

All first and second class postoffices will be closed on Sunday in the United States as a result of one of the provisions of the new postal appropriation bill passed by congress and signed by President Taft.

Every important city in the United States is affected. Hereafter only special delivery letters will pass through on that day and no mail will be placed in lock boxes. Postoffices in several cities have been closed Sundays heretofore. The closing now is compelled by law.

To Use Oil for Fuel in Mountains

President Chamberlin, of the C. P. R. announces that his company has definitely decided to use oil as locomotive fuel on the mountain section. The company is in possession of large areas of oil lands which will give them a perpetual supply. Eventually it is hoped to use oil on the National Transcontinental section of the road. The C. P. R. is already using about 60 oil-burning locomotives in the mountains.

START ON THEIR WESTERN TOUR.

TORONTO, Aug. 29.—The Duke and Duchess of Connaught and Princess Patricia quietly departed from Toronto at 7:30 o'clock Wednesday night, leaving the C. P. R. depot at North Toronto for a tour of the West, which will require five and a half weeks to complete.

WANTED TO KILL PRESIDENT TAFT

A Woman, Who Was Evidently Insane, Arrested at Columbus, Ohio.

Caroline Beers, who gave her residence as Greenville, Ohio, was arrested at the Southern Hotel, Columbus, Ohio, yesterday, while waiting for President Taft to arrive. When searched it was discovered that she had concealed in her clothing two long knives.

She had been waiting around the hotel for a day or two and the hotel employees became suspicious of her and informed a detective who, after watching her actions for a short time, placed her under arrest.

"I have the sacred knife for President Taft" she told the detective who had arrested her.

She was well dressed and had a roll of $200 in her clothing.

She was hustled out of the hotel just as President Taft entered.

The woman was evidently insane.

CANADA IS PROSPERING

General Business Good—Fisheries Had Dull Month—Lumber Brisk.

OTTAWA, Aug. 29.—Satisfactory and prosperous conditions prevailed throughout Canada during the midsummer, with few exceptions, is the summery of the Canadian industrial and labor situation for the month of July just issued.

In regard to the western grain crop, the prediction is made that the call for men will not be adequately answered, the eastern provinces falling short in their own supply.

According to the report for fisheries, a dull month was experienced. No special activity was recorded in the maritime provinces, while the run of salmon in several of the British Columbia rivers decreased considerably during the month.

Lumbering operations were brisk in the east, though influenced adversely by lack of transportation facilities. The western mills were fairly active. Considerable activity was maintained in the Nova Scotia coal mines, the western coal and metalliferous mines also working steadily. Railway traffic was brisk, as evidenced by increased earnings on all sides. Transportation by water did not compare favorably with that of the preceding month. The favorable prospects of the crop yield had a stimulating effect on manufacturing establishments, and the various plants in all parts were working with exceptional activity. Building operations were extensively carried on, though a shortage of men and materials held up matters in this line. The other trades were active. Unskilled labor was in good demand.

LOST BEARINGS IN HEAVY FOG

CHICAGO, Aug. 27.—Glenn L. Martin, an aviator, from Los Angeles, Cal., was lost last night in a fog 2,000 feet above Chicago for more than an hour. He might have cruised over Lake Michigan had he not caught a glimpse of the red flash from the government lighthouse, two miles off shore in Lake Michigan.

Martin had been flying over Cicero field in the extreme western part of the city, when he lost his bearings. In searching for the field he traveled far out over the lake and finally landed safely in Rogers Park, the city's northern limit. Martin has been in Chicago only five days, and explained after landing that he had no idea as to where he was at any time until he saw the lighthouse.

WHAT TO SAY ABOUT : REDCLIFF

Redcliff is situated on the main line of the C. P. R., 173 miles east of Calgary, on the banks of the Saskatchewan river.

Natural gas is probably Redcliff's first and greatest asset—meeting the requirements of as great a demand as may be made for manufacturing purposes.

Working coal mines on both sides of the river, and immense deposits cropping out yet unexplored.

Brick and other clay products are manufactured extensively and additional enterprises for this line of industry are in contemplation.

The business houses and residences are practically all of brick—home product.

Silica sands abound, tests of which have proven an excellent quality for glass making.

Industrial sites are donated to new enterprises.

Surrounding territory is in the heart of Alberta's wheat belt, and there are no more prosperous farmers in the world than here.

REDCLIFF ALREADY HAS

A flour mill that will grind 700 bushels of wheat per month or 936,000 bushels per year.

A large ornamental iron works that expects to employ 150 men before the 1st of September.

Two plants for making brick and clay products, the demand for which is increasing constantly.

One protestant church.

A fine, new, thoroughly modern brick school house.

An excellent gas lighting system, and mains laid thruout the city.

An assessed valuation of $640,000 and a municipal tax levy of six mills.

As fine a three-story modern brick hotel as there is in the west.

A perfect system of water works—water pure as the mountain springs.

The first building erected in Redcliff was April 21, 1910, just two years ago.

OWN YOUR OWN HOME

We will build a home for you at 10 per cent. above the contract price, on lots owned by you and to which you have title. If you wish you can make your own deal with contractor and you can pay us for your home as follows: One-quarter cash, balance on easy monthly payments with interest at 8 per cent.

REDCLIFF REALTY COMPANY, Ltd.,

REDCLIFF, ALTA.

COMMERCIAL PRINTING

X

Letter Heads
Statements
Bill Heads
Envelopes
Cards
Etc.

X

Everything in Office Stationery at the REDCLIFF REVIEW

KIDNEY PAINS IN THE BACK

COULD NOT STAND OR EVEN TURN IN BED — LEGS GREATLY SWOLLEN

All Doctor's Medicine Failed—Cure Effected by Use of

DR. CHASE'S KIDNEY-LIVER PILLS.

Again this great medicine has triumphed over kidney disease of a severe type. From a bed of suffering and helplessness Mrs. Walsh was restored to health and strength by using Dr. Chase's Kidney-Liver Pills.

Kidney pains in the back tortured her. Dropsical swellings had set in and she had no reason to hope for cure, since the doctor's medicine failed to even relieve her. Read what the husband says about this remarkable cure.

Mr. Thos. D. Walsh, Pictou, N.S., writes:—"Two years ago my wife took to her bed after suffering for a long time from kidney pains in the back. She was not able to stand on her feet, or even turn herself in bed. The doctor's medicine was no benefit whatever, that we could see. Sometimes her legs would swell considerably. Reading about a woman in similar condition being cured by Dr. Chase's Kidney-Liver Pills, we purchased two boxes and when these were used she was able to sit up. With three more boxes she was restored to health and doing her own housework.

"As for myself I also found these pills all that is claimed for them. I give this statement in order that others may obtain the same ease from suffering as that experienced by my wife and myself."

One pill a dose, 25c. a box, at all dealers or Edmanson, Bates & Co., Limited, Toronto.

Better Meat Nowadays

J. Ogden Armour defending packing house methods at luncheon in Chicago, said:—

We eat, thanks to the packers, more wholesome meat than we formerly did. My father used to tell about a farm boy who once called at a house and took an order for a leg of mutton. Then, a day or two later, the boy called again.

"You'll have to countermand that mutton order ma'am, he said.

"Yes. Why so?

"The sheep's improvin', said the boy.

Minard's Liniment Cures Diphtheria.

Cadiz, the "white city" of Spain, has a centenary celebration this year, commemorating the adoption of a liberal constitution by the Cortes and the raising of the French siege in 1812 by the Duke of Wellington. Cadiz is one of the greatest ports of the world, Cadiz is still a most picturesque city, and it said to extend a warm welcome to American tourists.

Clear Stomach, Clear Mind.—The

stomach is the workshop of the vital functions and when it gets out of order the whole system feels sympathy. The spirits flag, the mind droops and work becomes impossible. The first care should be to restore healthful action of the stomach and the best preparation for that purpose is Parmelee's Vegetable Pills. General use for years has won them a leading place in medicine. A trial will attest their value.

Human Hair Lace.

They are making lace from human hair now. It is not for trimming dresses with, but is used for the parting of wigs. It is made by the ladies and the knots are held by a solution of wax, otherwise they would unravel. When this lace is used it takes an almost microscopic examination to detect the wig is not natural.

Phonograph Records

The family is the next flat to ours has a phonograph.

Have they any good records?

Yes; they have one record for six hours continuous playing, and another of six hours and 20 minutes, almost continuous.—Washington Herald.

The Difference

Can any little boy, asked the new teacher, tell me the difference between a lake and an ocean.

I can, replied Edward, whose wisdom had been learned from experience. Lakes are much pleasanter to swallow when you fall in.

Professor Mahaffy was once examining a man who had put himself down as an agnostic on entering college. He was having a hard time at Mahaffy's hands over some difficult passages in a Greek book. I believe, said Mahaffy, that you are—aw—an agnostic in religioath matierth. The man feebly acquiesced. Well, then, thir, said the professor, I can quite athure you that you are an agnostic in Greek ath well.

W. N. U. 907

The Undervalued Banana

The dictum that fruit should be eaten in their season, finds its limitations as regards variety in the temperate zones at certain periods of the year. There is, however, one fruit which is readily available fresh in American markets at practically all seasons, although it grows best from November to April in its tropical or semi-tropical home. It is unfortunate that an article of diet which meets certain nutritive requirements so well and is so easily obtained at reasonable cost as the banana should be the subject of much misunderstanding among both physicians and laymen. For despite the fact that over 40,000,000 bunches are reported to have been brought to the United States last year, it is popularly stated in many quarters that the banana is difficult of digestion and may give rise to alimentary distress.

A closer consideration of the composition of the banana may serve to elucidate the situation. The fruit is brought to our Northern markets green, and is ripened by artificial heat. This process can be hastened or delayed within certain limits, according to the momentary demands of the retail trade. The color of the peel gives evidence of the degree of ripeness. The green banana contains in the part exclusive of the skin about 1-5 per cent. of protein and 20 to 25 per cent. of carbohydrate, almost entirely starch. In the ripe banana, with yellow-brown peel, the edible part contains somewhat less (16 to 19 per cent) of carbohydrate; but that which remains is now almost entirely in the form of soluble sugar; the green, one-fifth starch. Most of the remainder of the edible pulp is water. Intermediate degrees of ripeness present starch and sugar in reciprocal proportions, varying between the limits set above.

Inasmuch as bananas are commonly eaten uncooked, it is obvious that more or less raw starch will be ingested if the fruit is not ripe, i.e., if the skin has not begun to parivel and darken. Raw starch may be singularly irritating to the alimentary tract of man and is at best poorly utilized whether it be ingested in the form of uncooked potatoes, cheese-nuts, bananas or other native starchy foods. No one would advise the use of uncooked potatoes; yet many people eat over a thoroughly ripe banana in the belief that the wholesome fruit is "rotten" when the skin becomes darkened, whereas they eagerly eat the yellow-green starch-bearing fruit at a stage of incomplete ripeness.

Whooping Cough

Whooping cough, which some mothers think can be cured by taking children near gasworks or through a tunnel, is the subject of more quaint superstitions than almost any other disease. In Northamptonshire it is believed that if a small quantity of hair is cut from the nape of the, sick child, rolled in a piece of rose, and given to a dog, the whooping cough will be transferred to the animal. In Cornwall the child is fed with Bullace, which has already been passed three times under the body of a piebald horse. In Lincolnshire they still tell you that whooping cough will never attack a child that has ridden on a bay.

According to a new Swedish system of making use of peat, the material is powdered, blown by steam into the furnace by a fan blast, and the dust is consumed while in suspension. The advantages claimed for this method is that the degree of heat may be easily and quickly adjusted by regulating the amount of peat powder delivered into the interior of the furnace. This system is said to represent a greater efficiency than heretofore experienced in the utilization of peat for fuel purposes, one ton representing the same amount of energy as two of coal. In this shape it is also economical for use in the fuel burned except where the power is needed.

As Old as the World

Cherries, which are beginning to appear in the market, were first cultivated in England about a century before Christ, but the best modern species of fruit were introduced into Kent from Flanders about the beginning of the 16th century. One of the very first cherry orchards was that at Teynham, near Faversham, from which much of Kent was afterwards supplied. Pliny, another of England still maintains its supremacy, the chief orchards being along the Kentish border of the Thames, the Darent and the Medway. Busino, Venetian Ambassador at the Court of James I., relates that it was a favorite amusement in the Kentish garden to try who could eat the most cherries, and record was that of a match wherein a young woman won with 20 pounds at a sitting.

Royal letter writers may expect that, in the vicissitudes of the centuries, their popularity will come to the test of that democratic implement, the auctioneer's hammer. Led by this standard, King Edward III. and Queen Elizabeth have no reason to be slighted. In London the other day one of the King's letters sold for $1,450, and a letter from Queen Elizabeth to Henry III. of France brought $1,225.

Family Spats

I might have married a millionaire, declared Everywoman. One of my old schoolmates is now one.

And several of your schoolmates are working right in this town for $10 a week, retorted Everyman. One of them is in jail. I guess in marrying a chap getting $1,500 a year your average is fairly good.

And then Everybody set up a howl and they had to stop quarrelling to attend to him.—Pittsburgh Post.

The value of canned pineapples shipped from Hawaii during the fiscal year of 1911 amounted to two million dollars.

Mrs. Jollyboy—Where on earth have you been?

Mr. J.—I cannot tell a lie; I've been at my office.

Mrs. J.—That's where we differ. I can tell a lie—when I hear one.

Christianity and Cricket

Cricket is peculiarly a Christian game. No pagan nation has played it. So a Melbourne paper is rebuking a couple of church clubs for coming to blows at the conclusion of a match. The Baptists started the trouble by offensive "barracking" which the Presbyterians indignantly resented. Words led to blows, much to the surprise of the spectators, who came to see cricket, not fighting. This is very sad. We thought football had a monopoly of that sort of thing. Happily the Australian and the South African teams are not members of the ecclesiastical clubs, so that there is no reason to fear that the "triangular tournament" will be marred by fisticuffs.—London Chronicle.

Just a Starter

In order to impress upon his congregation the length of eternity, a colored preacher used the following illustration:

If a sparrow, brethren, should take a drop of water from the Atlantic Ocean at Coney Island, and with this drop of water in his beak should hop a hop a day until it reached the Pacific Ocean at San Francisco, and when it got this done should turn about and hop a hop a day all the way back to Coney Island, and keep on doing this very same thing until it had carried the whole Atlantic Ocean over into the Pacific, it would then only be early morning in eternity.—Everybody's Magazine.

Not a Somnambulist

What do you mean by laying hands on this young man? asked the policeman.

Why, replied Mr. Cornteasel, them clothes—

That's all right. He's a Marathon runner.

Excuse me, I thought he was walkin' in his sleep.—Washington Star.

Old Saw

Tramp—You know the sayin', mum: He that giveth to the poor leudeth to the Lord.

Mrs. Subbube—Very true. And since you speak in proverbs, I'll refer you to another old saw.

Tramp—Which one is dat, mum?

Mrs. S.—The one back in the woodshed.

WEAK, TIRED PEOPLE

Are Usually the Victims of Pale, Watery Blood

Anaemia is the medical term for poor or watery blood. It may arise from a variety of causes, such as lack of exercise, hard study, improperly ventilated rooms or workshops, imperfect assimilation of food, etc. The chief symptoms are extreme pallor of the face, lips and gums; rapid breathing and palpitation of the heart after slight exertion; headaches, dizziness, sometimes fainting spells and a tendency to hysterics, swelling of the feet and limbs, a feeling of constant tiredness and a distaste for food. Dr. Williams' Pink Pills are a certain cure for anaemia, because they make new, rich blood, which stimulates and strengthens every organ and every part of the body. The following is a typical case: St. Jerome, Que., Mrs. Alfred Lamarche, of this place, says: "About a year ago my health began to give out. I suffered from headaches, heart palpitation, dizziness and appeared to be threatened with a general breakdown. I was at this time employed in the fields with my father, who seeing my condition, gave me medicine. I took this faithfully for some time, but with no benefit, and I grew much discouraged. Then a friend advised me to try Dr. Williams' Pink Pills, saying that she had found a cure through them in similar conditions. I took her advice, got a supply of the pills and took them regularly for some time. Gradually I became strong and in the course of a month or so I was again enjoying the best of health, and have not since had the least return of the old symptoms. I can heartily recommend Dr. Williams' Pink Pills to all weak girls."

Sold by all medicine dealers at 50 cents a box or six boxes for $2.50, or sent by mail, post paid, by The Dr. Williams' Medicine Co.

At the close of every winter when the ice from Lake Ladoga is floating down the Neva, the wooden bridge across the river which abuts on the Winter Palace, St. Petersburg, is swung round, in order to enable the ice to pass unimpeded. The operation was partially accomplished at dawn, not long since, when the cables connected with the bank suddenly, in a gust of wind. The bridge began to drift boldly down the Neva and four of the floating cottages violently overturned. Alarm guns were sounded and nearly a score of tugs came to the rescue. They just succeeded in averting a catastrophe. The structure, with its living freight of 150 workmen, was within 60 yards of the stone Nicholas bridge before it was got under control.

A Kindly Parent

Dad, said a Toronto kid to his father the other night, I want to go to the show tonight.

No, my son, at night is no place for a kid like you. You should be at home in bed.

But I peddled bills and have two tickets, said the kid, as he began to sniffle.

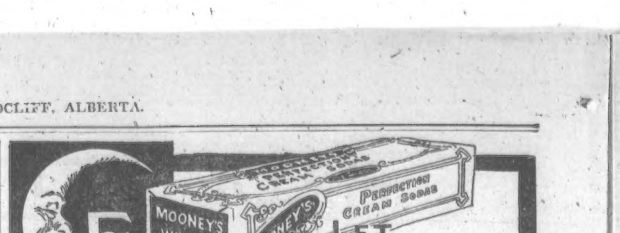
All right then, answered dad, I will go with you to see that you don't get into trouble.

Decision Suspended—Father, our daughter is being courted by a poet.

The great trouble with the men who get to the front is that they feel so big we can't see over their heads.

Is that so, mother? I'll kick him out, tonight.

Not so fast. Investigate first and find out whether he works for a mag azine or for a breakfast-food factory. —Washington Herald.



LET MOONEY DO IT

DON'T BAKE—BAKE—BAKE IN THE HARD OLD FASHIONED WAY

It shortens your life, spoils your temper and ruins your looks.
Try the new way—the **MOONEY** way.
No spoiled baking. No overheated kitchens. Lots of leisure in the home.
MOONEY'S BISCUITS are so fresh, so crisp, so appetising that they are largely taking the place of home baking with thousands of Western people. Ask for

MOONEY'S PERFECTION SODA BISCUITS

In air tight, dust proof and damp proof packages —or in sealed tins if you prefer them.
Made in the Big Sanitary Factory in Winnipeg.

Scotland's Songs

The great man had come at last, and all the youngsters were on the alert, cudgelling their little brains to remember the answers to all the questions likely to be asked during his majesty's inspector.

He had gone the round of almost the entire school, and the staff of overworked teachers felt proud of the smartness and intelligence displayed by their pupils. It was now the turn of the last and brightest class in the school, who answered all questions with unfailing readiness. As a last poser the great one asked them to name some of Scotland's most famous songs. Quick as lightning the head boy answered with "Ye Banks and Braes," then came a somewhat lengthy pause, while the staff looked anxious.

Come, come! Surely you know another one. What! Not know that one with a world-wide reputation? encouraged their questioner, thinking of "Auld Lang Syne."

Straightway, to everyone's surprise the dull one at the back of the class shot up his hand.

Well, what is it? queried the tormentor.

In proudly important tones came with a roar:

"Stop Your Tickling Jock."

Through indiscretion in eating green fruit in summer many children become subject to cholera morbus caused by irritating acids that act violently on the lining of the intestines. Pains and dangerous purgings ensue and the delicate system of the child suffers under the drain. In such cases the safest and surest medicine is Dr. J. D. Kellogg's Dysentery Cordial. It will check the inflammation and save the child's life.

A Waif

By golly, I call this rubbing it in. Why so?

I sent this magazine two poems and they sent me back three.

Canada has more than one thousand two hundred newspapers, of which one-tenth are dailies.

Minard's Liniment Cures Distemper.

The search for a cotton substitute has been going on in Europe for a long time, and many substitutes have been made with the common nettle, which has been a promising plant on account of the strength of its fiber and its ready growth wild under the most discouraging conditions, with a large yield an acre.

Like a Grip at the Throat.

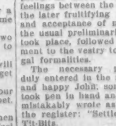
For a disease that is not classed as fatal there is probably none which causes more terrible suffering than asthma. Sleep is impossible, the sufferer becomes exhausted and finally, though the attack passes, is left in uncanny dread of its return. Dr. J. D. Kellogg's Asthma Remedy is a wonderful curative agent. It immediately relieves the restricted air passages as thousands can testify. It is sold by dealers everywhere.

Settled by a Widow

A buxom and winsome widow decided to continue late husband's business (wholesale meat purveyor), and appointed his confidential and reliable man, one John Jinx, as her counsel. John, though an astute and clever business man, could neither read nor write. The widow partly cured him of the latter defect by teaching him to write, "Settled, John Jinx," when giving a receipt for accounts paid to him.

The business improved and prospered, as likewise did the amatory feelings between the widow and John, the later fruitifying in a proposal and acceptance of marriage. After the usual preliminaries the ceremony took place, followed by an adjournment to the vestry to complete the legal formalities.

The necessary particulars were duly entered in the marriage register and happy John, somewhat blushing, took up the pen and clearly and unmistakably wrote as his signature in the register: "Settled, John Jinx"—Tit-Bits.



My Name Is Chester

The Prince of Wales' Paris incognito reminds a correspondent of London Opinion, that the late King Edward, who also used to be the Earl of Chester when at Biarritz, was once walking to the hotel when an American accosted him. Excuse me, sir, said the man, in the drawling, nasal accent of the Western Prairies, but are you Ke King of England? My name is Chester, the King answered, with his genial smile. Confound it! Then you're lost me ten dollars bet, said the American, and slapping the king loosely on the shoulder he walked away.

Misnamed

A tourist, just recently returned from a trip through the Southern States, relates this conversation, which he overheard between a farmer's wife and a negro alleged to be looking for work:

He there any work around here misses?" asked the applicant.

Well, we do need a man, replied the woman. Do you want work?

Yessum.

Well, I'm looking for a man to do the odd jobs around the house, always be nobler, willing to work, and never be imudent.

Did you say you was looking for a hired man, missus asked the negro.

Yes, why do you ask?

Well, it 'pears to me that a hired man isn't what you want. You want a husband.

One of the richest countries in the world is that part of the Malay peninsula known as the Federated States. These provinces are still under the rule of their native chiefs or sultans, though they are assisted by a British advisor. The tin mines of these small States are chief valuable than most gold mines, for they produce nearly half the world's supply of tin, and the result is an overflowing treasury for the States. Vast forests of rubber trees are also proving extremely profitable.

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Hall's Catarrh Cure is taken internally, acting directly upon the blood and mucous surfaces of the system. Testimonials sent free. Price 75c. per bottle. Sold by all Druggists.

Take Hall's Family Pills for Constipation.

A Question of Title

After another season, said Farmer Cornbossel, I guess we'll have a chef.

What's a chef? asked his wife.

A chef is a man with a big enough vocabulary to give the soup a different name every day.

Pierce Captain of company (in brusque tones) inspecting private's kit: Have you buttons on all articles?

Private—No, sir.

Pierce Captain—What article has no buttons on?

Private—My towel, sir.

Washboards, Wood Pails and Tubs, Fibre Pails and Tubs.

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WRITE FOR PROOF

BRUNONIA

How a Town Took Its Name From a Mystery

By ELIZA B. TREAT

Names often fasten themselves upon things or places from some incident connected with them in their beginning.

There is a town in what is now the middle west, that half a century ago was the far west, called Brunonia. Singularly enough, the town took its name when it was in the rough from a man whose name no one knew. He came to the place a stranger, without introduction, and when asked his name said:

"Call me Brown; that's as good a name as any."

This man Brown turned out to be the embodiment of a mystery which set the inhabitants agog. When this mystery reached its climax the town showed signs of permanence, and a name was sought for. Some one suggested that they call it Brown. The proposition was laughed at till a young college graduate who had recently settled there suggested the Latin for Brown, or Brunonia. This euphonious word pleased the people, and the town was thenceforth known by that name.

Brown was a spare man, who wore his hair quite long and dressed in buckskin, his head covering being a sombrero. One looking at him would remark:

"What a strange looking man that fellow is!"

But he would not be able to determine wherein the strangeness lay. It was not in his costume, for a number of men thereabout wore buckskin, and long hair was a "plains" fashion. If it lay in any one thing it was in a sphinx-like expression the man always wore on his face. The strangeness of appearance was enhanced by a peculiarity in his walk. He never told whence or why he came to the town or anything of his past or what he might hope for in the future.

Brown had not been long in his adopted home when it was noticed that he seemed either to be looking for some one or was constantly expecting one was looking for him. A boy one day walking behind him down the main street noticed that every corner he would turn his head to the right, then to the left, or vice versa, before crossing. The boy saw him cross half a dozen streets, and he never failed to look in both directions.

Brown was a handsome man, and this, taken in connection with the mystery attending him, attracted the young women of the place to him. A number of them at different times endeavored to secure some notice from him, but they all failed. He seemed insensible to feminine charms. This added to the wonder the man excited in every one and led to the theory among the younger persons that he had been crossed in love and among the older ones that he feared some woman he had wronged who was looking for him. There were men of the town who believed that a woman was looking for Brown; but, as to Brown having injured her, they thought it more likely that she had got him to her toils and made it hot for him.

He that as it may, the attention Brown attracted grew instead of declining. He was pointed out to strangers as the town curiosity, and they carried the story of the mystery to other places. It is quite possible, even probable, that this had some effect in fastening the name of Brown on the town.

With every month that passed the man's watchfulness increased. He was seen at times to start, but so adept was he in concealing the cause that those who noticed the startling effect thought that they were mistaken in that it was merely a nervous twitching. The girl in the town, and one only, refused to put up with Brown's indifference. That was Ellen Wykoff. It was apparent that she was trying to penetrate the armor which protected him from those who sought to gain an inside view of him, and her efforts were watched with a keen interest. For awhile he paid no more attention to Miss Wykoff than to any of the other girls. When in the morning he shuttered down the street she would warily him at her gate and attempt to engage him in conversation. The only adornment in the town was a flower bed she cultivated in the front yard of her home. One morning she was seen to offer Brown a posy. He accepted it, but without fervor, and after having passed a few blocks away from the donor, where she would not see him, he dropped it.

All these incidents were observed by the watchful citizens, and some of them did a little spying. But that was after Miss Wykoff had seemed to make some headway with Brown. If they wished for information they must get it from another source than Ellen, for she proved to be very close mouthed. She had not been considered so before she sought Brown's attentions, and every one was surprised at her reticence. "Can it be," they said, "that this impenetrable man makes any one with whom he comes in contact impenetrable?"

Ellen Wykoff's efforts to break through Brown's shell continued, increasing the while the interest at that point, when it seemed that she had succeeded. At any rate, her efforts ceased and apparently from the fact that Brown seemed to have given up the task that the two were often seen together, even to taking walks in each other's company, and Brown paid more than three away any pony the girl gave him.

But here arose another cause for tongue clatter. Was the condition between Brown and Miss Wykoff that of lovers or of friends? There were those who held to the former and those who held to the latter opinion. All efforts to draw an admission of any kind from Ellen failed, and, as to Brown, no one ever thought of asking him any question whatever.

One day something occurred which led Brown's fellow townsmen to think that the mystery was solved. He was not seen on the street as usual nor the next day nor the next. Then came a woman, a coarse, disagreeable creature, who made inquiries about a man, giving a description resembling Brown.

If Mr. Brown was the man she wanted he had doubtless heard of her and taken a timely departure. She left, and the next day Brown reappeared. Brown was told that a woman had come into town and looked for a man answering his description, but the news didn't seem to gratify him. He said he'd been called away to look out for a legacy he had received, and it was not long before there were indications that he had really had a windfall.

The woman who was looking for him or some one like him did not return, but Brown kept up his watchfulness. Indeed, her appearance evidently had not changed the situation. He was the same mystery as before, and as time wore on many came to believe that she had been looking for another person.

Then came a man worse looking—if that could be—than the woman who had been there who was looking for one whose description fitted her exactly. He did not seem to know Brown, and it was at once inferred that Brown had nothing to do either with the ill favored man or woman. He said he hadn't, and there were good reasons why he should be believed.

Every evening at 5 o'clock the stage drew up at the tavern on its way through the town. One evening while the crowd was awaiting the usual daily excitement the coach appeared in the other end of the street, and Brown, who was present, was seen to change color. Several persons who noticed him looked knowingly at each other as much as to say: "His enemy is coming. Look out." The coach came on, and sitting on the seat beside the driver was a comely woman of twenty. Seeing Brown, her face broke into a beautiful smile, and when the coach stopped she stepped down on to the wheel and jumped into Brown's arms.

JUMPED INTO BROWN'S ARMS.

The news spread throughout the town that the mystery of Brown was solved. But the curious citizens were doomed to disappointment. Neither Brown nor the new arrival gave any explanation. Since then they have been keeping together without any marriage ceremony it was inferred that they were man and wife. Still Brown was a new man. He became a permanent resident of the place, and he and his wife—especially the latter—grew in the affections of their fellow townsmen. But neither ever lisped a word as to the story that every one believed was connected with them.

This much came from Ellen Wykoff. She averred that she had formed a resolution to get Brown's secret. For the purpose she pretended to have fallen in love with him. She found him a very honorable man, who felt it his duty to shut off a love that could not be returned. On her promise not to reveal what he said he informed her that he was a married man. But the rest of the mystery she could not get out of him.

Miss Wykoff learned, however, the cause of his looking up and down a street before crossing it. He was blind in one eye and to avoid accident had formed this habit. His starting came from the same cause, a shadow on the blind side being the most frequent cause.

It was soon after Mrs. Brown's arrival when the interest in their story—a story doubly interesting from remaining untold—that the town was named. Brown's legacy proved to be a bona fide one and sufficiently large to enable him to do a great deal for his adopted town. And doubtless this was another reason for its being called Brunonia.

TIPPING IS ANCIENT.

In Shakespeare's Time It Used to Be Called Vailegiving.

The word up is of comparatively modern use as it used to be vails, a shortened form of avails or profits. We speak now of the avails of an estate or of a man transacting a hundred years ago they called gratuities to servants or waiters vails. Dr. Johnson's dictionary, published in 1755, describes vails as "money given to servants as a perquisite or present rather than in the way of wages." Dean Swift mentions a person "whose revenues, besides vails, amounted to £13." Shakespeare uses the word in the same sense where he makes one of the fishermen in "Pericles" say, "But hark you, my friend, 'twas we that made up this garment and there are certain condolements, certain vails." He wanted to be condoled with a tip.

The practice probably continued to grow after Shakespeare's time, for late in the eighteenth century a philanthropist and reformer of the period published a tract against indiscriminate almsgiving, and denouncing the vails practice as demoralizing both to those who gave and to those who accepted the gratuities. The early writer was Jonas Hanway (1712-1786), who, after writing a book of eastern travel, undertook to reform some of the social vices of his day. He denounced vailegiving and practiced what he preached by refusing to pay more than the stipulated price for refreshments or for any kind of service or to give gratuities to servants who received wages. But his crusade died with him, and vails still survive under the odious name of tips.—Indianapolis News.

ANTS HAVE FIVE NOSES

The Sense of Smell Is Very Important to These Insects.

In their antennae, or feelers, ants have five noses, each of which has its own duties to perform.

One nose tells the ant whether it is in its own nest or that of an enemy; another nose discriminates between creatures of the same species, but of different colonies; a third nasal organ serves the purpose of discerning the food laid down by the ant's own feet, so that it may be able to retrace the way quite easily; a fourth nose smells the larvae and pupae, and the fifth nose detects the presence of an enemy.

If an ant be deprived of a certain nose, it will live peaceably with enemies, but if it retains its fifth nose it will fight the allies to the death. There is a difference in the functions of nose two and nose five, although they appear to be somewhat alike.

This sense of smell does not come till the ants are three days old. If, therefore, ants only twelve hours old are placed among others belonging to different colonies, they will grow up quite amicably and not understand that they are a mixed lot, because they will have grown up with ideas of peace in accordance with their surroundings. The sense of smell to them is as important as the sense of sight to human beings.

Placid Hindu Servants.

Hindoo servants are the most imperturbable people in the world. You may throw one downstairs or pat him on the back. He accepts both with exactly the same expression of countenance. The Indian's religion is at the bottom of all his acts, all his feelings. He eats, sleeps, moves and has his being according to religious formulas, and his doctrine of reincarnation forms his whole philosophy of life. The fact that you are the master now is due to the fact that you have been the servant in some previous reincarnation. He is the servant now, and the only chance for him to be reborn is the master's position is to learn all the lessons of his present incarnation. He takes everything philosophically. It is all a part of the day's work.

Kept a Watch on His Men.

Sir Edward Reed was the founder of the great Belfast firm of shipbuilding. His lynx eyed vigilance was a legend at the works. It was said that he used to survey the workmen through a telescope from the windows of his residence, Somerton. All the men felt that his eye was on them. A riveter who has a spite against a fellow workeror on a ship can set a riveting hammer at it, apparently by accident, upon his victim. It was gravely alleged that Harland once by his telescope caught a riveter in the act and, as soon as he arrived at the works, walked up to the man and sacked him.

Glassy.

"I suppose," said the man in the fellow cost, trying to be crummy, "it doesn't hurt your glass eye when you get anything in it?"

"Does it look as if it would ever be likely to have a pane to it?" responded the other frigidly. And he gave him a glassy stare.

The Limit.

"Miss Fry is the most inquisitive sort of girl. There is nothing doing but she manages to have her finger in it?"

"I notice she hasn't got the finger in an engagement ring yet."—Baltimore American.

Intemperate.

Tambo—They tell me that the Stock Exchange is a most intemperate place.

Bones—I should say so. Money gets tight, and the certificates often take a drop.—Satire.

If you wish to appear agreeable in society you must consent to be taught many things which you know already.—Talleyrand.

FREEDOM OF LONDON.

It Carries With it the Right to Keep Pigs In St. James' Parish.

Many towns in Great Britain enjoy special and peculiar privileges. Even some years ago, parliament deprived the Cinque Ports of their ancient privileges. Brightlingsea, a Cinque Port "limb" or "appanage," was in some way overlooked. Consequently its inhabitants are still exempt from serving on juries, they cannot be taken by the press gang, and the town can still appoint its own ale taster. It is at Brightlingsea that the ceremony of electing the mayor takes place in the belfry of the parish church.

In at least one manor, that of the Earl of Chesterton, the inhabitants may cheerfully disregard the enactments of the ground game act, passed twenty years ago. The ancient rights of free chase and warren over freehold land is still in force there. Indeed it was actually exercised a very few years ago, when a private bill was brought into parliament designed to do away with it. The bill however failed to become law.

The freedom of the city of London carries with it, ominally, at any rate, the right to keep pigs in the parish of St. James, Piccadilly. But, if any one was disposed to avail himself of this liberty land in that part of London is accounted too costly for profitable pig farming.—London Family Herald.

HE HAD TO HURRY.

On the Dead Rush Because He Had No Time to Spare.

In Chicago there is a man whom his friends know as Hasurry Jones. One morning about 10 o'clock a man with southern blood in his veins saw Jones, whose energy he had often admired, tearing down State street at as ill propelled by the winds of heaven. It came over the southerner to follow Jones just to see where he was going and how tremendous a matter was dependent on his getting there.

Jones now, having left the Palmer House, rushed up to the cigar stand, grabbed a cigar, yelled back, "Puteronmyaccount," without stopping to sort the change that was thrown at him by the conferner panting hard behind. After tearing down Washington street for half a block he dived into the Field office building and just missed being jammed by the elevator doors in his determination not to lose a car.

The southerner took the next car up and entered Jones' office timidly, certain that he was about to come upon a conference of at least four of the most important men in Chicago's financial world. Inside he found Jones smoking his cigar behind the morning paper, his feet on his desk and his swivel chair tilted back comfortably.—New York Post.

The Doomed Shepherd Dog.

The shepherd's dog that kills a sheep is doomed. Every one who knows the person in one of his canine tells a story of how John Todd, "the oldest herd on the Peninsula," once saw a dog he knew maneuvering toward a pool behind Kirk Yetton.

"John lay the closer under the bush and presently saw the dog come forth upon the margin, look all about him to see if he were anywhere observed, plunge in and repeatedly swim about after weed and eel and then (but now openly with tail to air) strike homeward over the hills." But the dog's high intelligence did not save him. John reported his doings, and he was had out to a dykeside and promptly shot." He was a sheep eater; he had betrayed his trust.—London Standard.

Bears One Crop and Dies.

The sago palm tree bears but one crop of fruit. Its load of nuts is its last and final effort in the way of fruit bearing. The nuts become ripe and are strewn in thousands around the tree until the great stem stands up by itself, empty and bare. The branches turn brown and drop one by one to the ground. Inside the trunk the work of decay is going on until what is one time was a mass of white sago and pith becomes nothing but a collection of rotten brown fibers. One day the trade wind blows more strongly than usual, and the leafless column of the trunk falls with a crash, destroying in the fall many of the young palms that are already springing from the nuts scattered some months before.

Still Life.

They were looking at the canvases on exhibition in the artist's studio.

"Does that one represent a real landscape?" inquired the portly gentleman with the double chin.

"Yes, sir," answered the artist. "That rude shack in the foreground is a moosehunter's cabin in the mountains."

"Oh, yes. This must be the painting called 'Still Life' in the catalogue."—Chicago Tribune.

Same Thing.

"What is a debt?"

"A den, my son, is a place where wild beasts make their homes."

"No, I mean as a man's house."

"Eddie," interjected the mother, "your father's definition applies to that also."—London Express.

Used to Deception.

"Did your husband ever try his hand at sentimental fiction?"

"Did he? Put at least ten years he's been trying to make me believe he likes my cooking."—Chicago Tribune.

What He Won't Tell.

"Does you husband tell you everything?"

"Yes, everything except how much pocket money he spends himself every week."—Detroit Free Press.

THE SOFT ANSWER.

General Scott's Retort to His Whist Partner's Apology.

After his retirement General Scott passed the summer of 1862 at Cozzen's hotel, West Point, where every evening a party of gentlemen adjourned to the general's sitting room for their game. Being a good player, the host was usually victorious, but if he and his partner were ever beaten Scott's ire was made manifest.

One night it happened that the usual party was missing. What was to be done? The general must have his whist. There happened to be staying at the hotel a judge, who was asked to do the favor of taking the fourth hand. With some protest on his part he agreed to do it. By cutting for partners the general and the judge played together and were beaten—horribly beaten.

Knowing how it irritated the general to lose the game, the judge as he rose from the table said in his most dignified and courtly way: "I formerly played a fairly good game of whist, but have been out of practice so long that I am somewhat rusty. I hope that fact may be taken as an excuse for my mistakes."

Whereupon the general arose with equal dignity and retorted, "I am glad to learn that I have been playing with latent talent and not with a natural born fool!"

MISSED THE MARK.

It Was Not the Minister's Fault That His Shafts Went Astray.

Mr. McDougall was a Scotsman, and of him a good story is told. He was a large, pompous man, intolerably self conceited and arrogant—in fact, his conduct and his neighbors was so offensive that the good people successfully requested their minister to preach a sermon directed at their vain neighbor.

The day came. The little kirk was packed, though a few tender hearted souls stayed at home, not wishing to witness their neighbor's humiliation.

The sermon began, and Mr. McDougall disposed himself to listen. The text evidently was sketched with bold severe strokes. He smiled with lofty superiority. As the denunciation became more scathing his mantle deepened with a touch of complacent pity. At the conclusion of the service he swaggered down the aisle. One of the elders joined him.

"Weel, what did ye think of the sermon?" the latter ventured to ask.

"A great effort, sir," was the answer, "but personal. The meenister aimed his shots too directly. Poor MacTavish! I am sorry for him, but the man's conceit is enormous, sir!"

A Sheer Waste of Money.

"When I played politics and little else," observed "Indian Jim" Finley, "I was delegated to raise a subscription to buy a solid brass chandelier for a well known politician who first saw the light of day in the Emerald Isle. It was to be a present to him to be installed in the parlor of a new house he was about to move into. Among those I tackled for a contribution was an Irishman who had been born in the same town and came across the pond about the same time the politician. I told him what was to be bought with the money, and as he put his name down for a fiver, he blurted out:

"'Tom, we all from another gentleman I wrote concerning you.'

"'They don't appear to have been very enthusiastic,' I replied with a sigh.

"'Apparently some whose testimony would be valuable.'

"Jervis Langdon held out his hand. 'You have at least one,' he said. 'I believe in you. I know you better than they do.'

"And so came the crown of happiness. The engagement of Samuel Langhorne Clemens and Olivia Lewis Langdon was ratified next day, Feb. 2, 1869."

A Fortune in His Legs.

During the reign of Queen Elizabeth an English gentleman of wealth named Corbet, of a distinguished family near Shrewsbury, got that his leg was the handsomest in the country or kingdom and staked estates worth $500,000 on the subject. He won the wager, and a picture is still preserved in the family mansion representing the process of measuring the legs of the different contestants.

The Milky Way.

"Grandpa," said the small boy from the city, pointing to a wayside plant, "what is that?"

"That's milkweed," was the reply.

"Oh, I know," exclaimed the little fellow. "That's what you feed to the cows so they will give milk."—Chicago News.

Fine Teachers.

Fond Mother—Willie, where did you learn to swear like that? Young Hopeful—I'm shaving, mama's gone, grandpa's auto and four parties. Life.

Charity strikes the sight, but melts with the soul.—Pope.

WINNING A BRIDE.

Mark Twain's Wooing of Lovely Olivia Langdon.

NOT HELPED BY HIS FRIENDS.

They Seemed to Agree That He Would Make About the Worst Husband on Record, but Miss Langdon's Father Took a Different View.

In Harper's Magazine Albert Bigelow Paine, the authorized biographer of Mark Twain, tells how the great humorist first met Olivia Langdon, who afterward became his wife. They met in New York. Young Charles Langdon, who had been on the voyage of the "Innocents," brought them together.

"At the old St. Nicholas hotel, which stood on the west side of Broadway between Spring and Broome streets, there were stopping at this time Jervis Langdon, a wealthy coal operator and mine owner of Elmira; his son Charles and his daughter, Olivia, whom pictured free Samuel Clemens had first seen in the top of Smyrna one September day. Young Langdon had been especially anxious to bring his distinguished Quaker City friend and his new daughter together, and two days before Christmas Samuel Clemens was invited to dine at the house. He went very willingly. The lovely girl of the miniature which he had first seen in her brother's statecroom had been often a part of his waking dreams. For the first time, now, he looked upon its reality. Long afterward he said:

"It is forty years ago. From that day to this she has never been out of my mind.'

"His was not an unruffled courtship. When at last he reached the point of proposing for the daughter of the house neither the daughter nor the household offered any noticeable encouragement to his suit.

"There was only a provisional engagement at first. Jervis Langdon suggested, and Samuel Clemens agreed with him, that it was proper to know something of his past as well as of his present before the official parental sanction should be given. When Mr. Langdon inquired as to the success of his venture of standing by whom he might write for credentials, Clemens pretty confidently gave him the name of the Rev. Mr. Stebbins and others of San Francisco, adding that he might write also to Joe Goodman if he wanted to, but that he had lied for Goodman a hundred times and that Goodman would lie for him if necessary, so his testimony would be of no value. The letters to the clergy were written, and Mr. Langdon also wrote one on his own account.

"Clemens was in Jacksonville, Ill., at the end of March, 1869, and in a letter to his publisher states that he will be in Elmira two days later and asks, that proofs of the book be sent there. He arrived according to schedule, anxious to hear the reports that would make him, as he thought in a right way, 'the happiest of the most miserable of men.' Jervis Langdon had a rather solemn face when they were alone together. Clemens asked:

"'You've heard from those gentlemen out there?'

"'Yes, we had from another gentleman I wrote concerning you.'

"'They don't appear to have been very enthusiastic,' Clemens replied with a sigh.

"'Apparently some whose testimony would be valuable.'

"Jervis Langdon held out his hand. 'You have at least one,' he said. 'I believe in you. I know you better than they do.'

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Farm Dairying

Jersey Cow Double Time

IX.—Milk, Cheese and Cream.

By LAURA ROSE,
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While it is necessary for the patron supplying milk or cream for buttermaking purposes to send a first class quality, a still greater responsibility rests on the patron of the cheese factory. For buttermaking pasteurization may be and is resorted to to check objectionable bacterial growth and drive off food flavors, but this is impossible in cheesemaking. The cheesemaking process is one which lends itself to the multiplication of evils if they have already a beginning in the milk. A can of bad milk will spoil all that of fifty other patrons, lower the price of the cheese and injure the reputation of the maker.

Special provision should be made on the farm for quickly cooling the milk to 50 degrees F. or lower and keeping it at that temperature overnight and for lowering it to 50 degrees F. and sustaining that temperature when it is held over Sunday. Depend on nothing but a correct thermometer for ascertaining temperatures. Ice is almost a necessity in order to cool properly on Saturday night's and Sunday's milk.

Milk intended for cheesemaking should not have over 20 per cent of acid when delivered in the factory. It usually does not smell or taste sour until it contains from .30 to .35 per cent, and then it is quite unfit for cheesemaking. The cheesemaker uses the acidimeter, and we should abide by his decision.

The Milk House.

The dairy farm should have a milk house. It may be built of wood or of cement. In it should be a tank large and deep enough to hold cans containing at least two milkings and a six inch space around them for water. There should be an outer pipe near the top to allow the water as it becomes warm to be carried away to order to keep down the temperature of the milk. An outlet at the bottom is necessary that the tank may occasionally be emptied and cleaned.

If there is a windmill at the well a large tank should be provided, and from it piping should be laid to supply the smaller tank with water. If there is no windmill the milk house should be built near the well. Be sure to make a proper drain to carry away the surplus water. Keep everything tidy.

A milkless is convenient to raise and lower the cans into the tank. Also have some contrivance to do the lifting at the milk stand. Have a track laid from the milk house to the stand and a car or truck for carrying cans.

Warm milk should not be mixed with that already cooled, if it can be avoided. If at all possible it should be sent in separate cans. If it be necessary to mix night's and morning's milk the best plan is to cool the morning's milk also. If there be not time to do this the evening's milk should be cooled to at least 60 degrees. It is quite possible to have excellent milk delivered by this last method where cleanliness is observed and the night's milk well cooled.

Cooling the milk immediately after or during milking with as little exposure to the air as possible and putting the lids on the cans is recommended.

Where ice or cold water cannot be obtained or where a can of milk has to be left in a place where water and ice cannot be conveniently used, a wet cloth—preferably flannel—wrapped around the can is an aid in keeping the milk cool. Have one end of the cloth immersed in a pail of water.

Under no condition should chemicals be used for preserving the milk. They completely upset the process of cheese making.

Whey should not be returned in the cans unless it has been pasteurized 165 degrees F. in the factory tanks.

The cans going to and from the factory should be covered with canvas to keep out the dust and heat. Needless to say the cans must be well washed and scalded.

Remember, the better the milk is cared for on the farm, the less milk it takes at the factory to make a pound of cheese and superior will be the quality of the cheese.

There are two general methods of obtaining cream from milk—the gravity system, making use of the shallow pan or the deep can, and the centrifugal system, employing the cream separator. The former is the older and is now little used.

Where the creaming is carefully done the skimmilk from pans will contain over .2 per cent butter fat, but usually it tests much higher. The cream may contain from 15 per cent to 40 per cent fat.

Many farmhouses have no suitable room in which to set milk. It is often put in a cellar which is often cold, musty and serves as a storage place for roots, fruit, etc., or is kept in the pantry off the kitchen and absorbs odors.

Pans should be set in a clean, well ventilated room where the temperature ranges from 50 to 60 degrees.

Avoid having the milk close to the wall or in a strong draft, so as not to have a leathery coat form, due to rapid evaporation. The pans are better covered with heavy, clean paper, if possible, after the milk has cooled.

The milk should stand from twenty-four to forty-eight hours before being skimmed, but should not be coagulated.

How to Skim Milk.

To skim loosen the cream from the sides of the pan with a thin bladed knife. Lift the pan to the edge of the cream can, tilt it to allow a little of the skimmilk to wet the edge of the pan, then with the aid of the knife quickly glide the sheet of cream into the cream can. Do not use the old fashioned perforated skimming dipper.

This system has many disadvantages—a great surface of the milk exposed to atmospheric contamination; the milk liable to become too acid for domestic and feeding purposes; the cream clotted and overripe; the creaming incomplete; a large amount of cream left in the pans and much labor involved.

Deep Cans.—A water tight box or barrel for holding the deep cans will do as effective work, as a separate cabinet creamer, but there should be room for plenty of ice. It is economy to have ice always in the water, and just as necessary to use it in winter as in summer. To do good creaming the water should not be above 45 per cent. in summer, and it is better to have it still lower in winter. To maintain this temperature it is necessary to put in a good supply of ice unless one is fortunate in having a very cold running spring handy.

The warm milk should be immediately strained into the cans and the cans lowered into the water, which should reach as far up as the milk.

The cans usually are eighteen to twenty inches high and eight inches in diameter. We prefer a slant bottom can with a tap to draw off the milk. The slant carries away any sediment and permits the removal of all the skimmilk.

Cans without a tap—called the shotgun cans—should be skimmed with a funnel shaped dipper, having a long, straight handle and no wire around the rim. It is best to loosen the cream from the sides of the can with a knife, then wet the dipper in milk or water and lower it point first into the can, allowing the cream to flow evenly into

UDDER OF MISSOURI CHIEF JOSEPHINE
WORLD'S PRIZE COW.

[Gave in six months 17,005.4 pounds milk, in one day, 110.1 pounds milk; average for 182 days, 61.6 pounds.]

the dipper. Repeat until all the cream is removed, being careful not to take too much skimmilk with it.

Deep Setting System.

Milk should always set twenty-four hours before the skimmilk is drawn, and thirty-six hours in winter is better. Milk allowed to stand only twelve hours before skimming will yield a larger volume of cream, but it will test low (from 15 to 20 per cent), while the skimmilk may test as high as from .5 to 1 per cent and over, especially if the water has not been cold. In twelve hours the smallest of the fat globules have not had time to rise to the top and so pass off in the skimmilk and become, like the prodigal son of old, feeders of swine. When the milk is allowed to stand twenty-four hours the cream will test from 18 to 25 per cent and the skimmilk from .2 to .4 per cent, or, in other words, we have in the case of the longer setting a richer cream and less loss of fat in the skimmilk, two desirable results in creaming milk.

Butter made from cream from the deep setting system is usually of good quality, as the cream is always at a low temperature, which is unfavorable for the development of bad flavors.

The disadvantages are the heavy lifting of the cans in the storing and handling of ice and the heating of the skimmilk for the young stock.

The only time water may be advantageously added to milk is when the cows have been a long time in milk and the milk is viscous and rich in solids. Then a small amount of hot water will help. If the milk has a strong food flavor, such as turnips give, a pint of boiling water put in the shallow pan as the milk is strained is helps to some extent to drive off the odor.

PIONEER PREACHERS.

Those of Missouri's Early Days Had to Be Expert Riflemen.

Nearly every pioneer preacher in Missouri was as expert in the use of the rifle as any of the laymen. Services were usually held in a neighbor's cabin. Notice of a "meeting" was promptly and generally circulated, and the settlers attended, uniformly carrying their rifles to guard against possible surprises or to obtain game on the way to or from the service.

The pioneer preachers inbored without money and without price. They gained their substance, as did their neighbors, by the rifle and by their daily toil in the clearings and the cornfields.

The Rev. Justinian Williams, Methodist, and the Rev. Peyton Nowlin and the Rev. Thomas Kinney, Baptists, were the first preachers in Saline county. They preached on Edmonson's creek and in the Big Bottom, "Old Ran Nowlin," as he was called, was a sedate gentleman, dry as to manners and sermons, but with a kind heart and good intention.

His colleague, Kinney, however, was of a jovial disposition and very popular. He was without literary attainments, but invariably provoked his congregation to laughter. Nowlin took him to task upon one occasion for his levity. Kinney answered:

"Well, I'd rather preach to laughing devils than to sleepy ones, as you do. You make them sleep, and I make them laugh. My congregations will pass yours on the road to heaven, I bet you a coonskin they will."—St. Louis Globe-Democrat.

QUEER BANK CHECKS.

Drawn on Wood and Other Things, but They Get the Money.

There is a bank clerk in a western city who has for years indulged a hobby for collecting bank checks drawn on queer articles. There hang about his clerk's desk a derby hat, collar, a piece of lath, a cuff and various other objects used for the purpose of drawing money from the bank.

Each of these has a story. The clerk began his collection with a piece of lath. This was honored by the bank to the extent of $250. It was made out by the owner of a sawmill, who, with his son, was at the plant with no check book. The money was needed to pay the hands. The sawmill man wrote on the lath just what a check correctly drawn would bear and sent his son to the bank to get the money and explain. The lath check was honored after some discussion among the bank officers.

The cuff check was drawn by an actor who while intoxicated had engaged in fisticuffs with a fellow thespian and had been arrested. He was treated cavalierly in his cell. As he could obtain no paper, he bribed a boy to take his cuff check to a bank. In due course the player received his money and paid his due.

If one carries a good account it is possible that the bank will honor any check, even if drawn in a freaky way, but as a general thing they are loath to encourage that sort of procedure.—Exchange.

A Spoon Insult.

The etiquette of eating was formerly simpler, because the number of table implements was smaller. Sir Charles Murray (born in 1806) states in "Hendrick Hastings" that forks were unknown in the days of his youth, and people scraped along very comfortably with only teaspoons and tablecloths. When dessert knives were invented Hamilton Place, the seat of Sir Charles' uncle, was among the first households in Scotland to adopt them, and a small laird invited to dine there was both astonished and disgusted to find one of the new fashioned spoons handed to him with the sweets. "What for do you gie me this?" he inquired of the footman. "Do ye think ma mouth has got ony smaller since I lappit ma soup?"—London Chronicle.

What Did He Mean?

The new cook came out and did very well her first afternoon at Louisville. After dinner she approached the head of the house.

"How early shall I get up in the morning?" she inquired.

"Well," said Mr. Subbubs, "the first train for the city leaves here at 6:35. You'll have to get up about 6 if you want to make that."—Washington Herald.

Saving Time.

Are you one of the people who hop up nervously when the train is nearing the station and stand until it stops? You think you are saving a lot of time, whereas in reality a car empties itself in three-quarters of a minute.—Woman's Home Companion.

Inducement.

"Did dat man offer any inducement to git you to buy dat mule?"

"Yas indeed," replied Mr. Erastus Pinkley. "He give me his membership in a 'sociation dat pervides a ban'some funeral for anybody dat belongs to it."—Washington Star.

Baffling.

"Yes! I think the next lecture I shall give will be on Keats."

"Oh, professor, what are keats?"—London Sketch.

A man who is not ashamed of himself need not be ashamed of his early condition.—Daniel.

INSULT AND INJURY.

[Cockroaches and other abominations.—Extract From a Letter in a Morning Paper.]

"O THEM abominations!" Let the Bard
Sing of the sacred confest.
That is a thing that wakes the bile
And makes every beholder's breast
And as a loyal cockroach I indignantly protest.

It's true we are not popular. I know
Whenever we appear
Forth on a cold and wakeful world pale women scream and leap
And brave men vow to being struck all over of a heap.

Till one more gallant than the rest, though shivering at the core,
Cremates us with the horrid tongs or, springing from the floor,
Crackling descends and leaves us sweltering flatly in our gore.

And yet we are a harmless folk, and, humbly though we crawl,
Is that a reason for slaughter? Even the looks that so appall
I do not think that you're the right to take it at all.

Indeed, if you consider from the proper point of view,
We're every bit as natty and as elegant as you.
Our habits are more ingenious, and we haven't only two.

But still it isn't that so much. Observe us and recoil—
Nay, stay for we're used to it. What really rankles me boil
Is insult at the lips of those for whom we have to toil.

Our job is not a lofty one and not what one would choose,
But if a deal more dignified than writing to abuse
Might hurt a beetle's feelings and depress him very much.

No; trample us to atoms or commit us to the flames—
We try to do our duty, and we make no further complaints.
But, even though you murder us, you needn't call us names.

—Punch.

Piccadilly Persiflage.

"Lady Constance Stewart Richardson, the beautiful young woman who danced over here some time ago, has offended Queen Mary," said a Washington diplomat's wife. "She actually told the Queen to stand out of the light at a picture exhibition.

"Lady Constance, you know, is capable of anything. They are telling an anecdote about her at the Bath club.

"She was walking in Piccadilly the other day—so the anecdote runs—and a young man attempted to pass her on the right when she also turned that way. The young man then veered to the left and Lady Constance did the same. And there they stood for a minute or two overcome by that ridiculous something which makes two people, face to face on a wide sidewalk, dodge quitesecretly this way and that without being able to pass each other by.

"Lady Constance, after nine or ten of these useless movements, smiled demurely and said:

"'Well, I'm sure if you want to dance with me, why don't you do it?'

The Stranger Huntsman

His Appearance at and Retirement From a Banquet

By F. A. MITCHEL

At the base of the mountains lying northwest of Madrid, the capital of Spain, lived, a number of years ago, a wealthy gentleman named Miguel Herrers. The mountains of Spain were in those days infested with bands of robbers, though they were rather a part of than the enemies of the country people, their principal objects of attack being persons of the upper classes. Don Miguel was noted for his charities, and on one occasion had used his influence to procure a pardon for a bandit who was about to be executed. The kindliness of his disposition and his sympathy for those beneath him were appreciated, and his home and his family were safe from any depredations on the part of the bandits.

Many other families of wealth occupied this same region, and it was not so far from Madrid as to deter residents of the capital from making visits there and to the entertainments given by the residents of this fashionable region. Indeed, it was a Spanish settlement of persons who were without occupation, but in the enjoyment of incomes from inherited estates.

The family of Don Miguel consisted of a son, Enrique, and a daughter, Pepita, aged respectively twenty-two and nineteen. Both were very popular with their companions, and Pepita was a beauty. She was fond of horseback riding and with her brother often made equestrian excursions either into the mountains or over the more level country at their base. They would not have dared to go about unprotected had they not known that they were immune from the bandits, and even had this not been so they would have received any needed warning from the peasants.

On one of these excursions into the mountains they lost their way. Evening was coming on, and they had a

DON ENRIQUE RESCUED THE GUEST CON DIALLI

gruopect before them either of sleeping in a hut or under the sky, when they came upon a man carrying a rifle in the hollow of his arm, whom they took for a huntsman. Enrique asked him to direct them, and he very politely consented to do so, walking along beside them and chatting with them familiarly. That he was a gentleman was apparent from his manner and the well bred modulation of his voice. He cast frequent side glances at Donna Pepita, with whose beauty he was evidently very much taken.

Enrique told him that they were the children of Don Miguel Herrers, and he said that he had heard of their father, although for himself he resided further northward in Old Castile. He had come into the mountains, he said, to hunt, that being the game season. His remarks showed a high intelligence and refinement. After plotting them several miles, making himself very entertaining the while, he put them on a road with which he was very familiar. At parting Don Enrique invited him, should he come near their home, to honor them with a call. But he said that his visit was about ended, and he expected to return on the morrow to his own abode.

A year passed. Don Enrique had forgotten the stranger, but his sister had not. There was something about that little figure, that oval olive face with its dark, silky beard, those coal black, expressive eyes, that she could not forget. She wondered who he was and would have inquired about him of those she met residing in Old Castile, but he had not given his name. She wondered if she would ever meet him again. Indeed, having noticed his admiring glances while he had walked by her side, she was surprised that he had not availed himself of her brother's invitation.

The next autumn after Don Enrique and his sister had met the huntsman in the mountains Don Miguel and his family gave an entertainment to which all persons of their class residing round about were invited. Spain is a warm country, and although it was October, both the house and the grounds, lighted with paper lanterns, were open to the guests. The patio or court where tropical plants were kept in winter had received its verdant furnishing. A string band composed chiefly of guitars and lutes was stationed here, another in the house, and another in the garden. The throngs of well dressed men and women attired in the familiar Spanish mode, with their elaborate coiffures, gay colored scarfs and decorated fans, rendered the scene intensely gay.

When the festivities were at their height a gentleman entered the main drawing room, where the hosts were receiving their guests, and made straight for Don Enrique, who recognized him for the huntsman who had piloted him and his sister in the mountains a year before. Don Enrique received the guest cordially, and Pepita, who was standing near, with a blush, she too was introduced to their parent, but as he had given no one as the gentleman who so kindly put us on the road in the mountains."

The stranger explained that he had come again for a hunt, and having heard that the Herrerns were to give a fete had taken advantage of the fact to meet them again in accordance with their invitation. Naturally he attached himself to Donna Pepita, who, putting her hand through his arm, asked him if he would like to go the rounds and meet her friends.

"I would prefer, señorita," he said, "to walk with you in your garden. Your guests I shall not likely meet again since I do not live in your neighborhood, and the formality of an introduction would not interest me."

So Donna Pepita led him out into the garden, where, after walking about for a while amid the plants, they seated themselves upon a rustic seat, where they remained conversing till the hour for supper arrived, when they went into the house.

Though there were many guests arrangements had been made to seat them all in the banquet hall. The stranger, who, on account of his fine figure, handsome face and a certain indescribable uniqueness about him which both attracted marked attention, was taken by Donna Pepita to the main table where sat her father and mother, and seated on her right hand herself. The guest of honor, Judge Cardoso from Madrid, was seated on Senora Herrera right, and next to the gentleman and Donna Pepita. The judge's eye no sooner fell upon the guest before him than he regarded him with a curious and suppressed stare. The stranger apparently took no notice of the fact that he was so intently regarded, though his brow, to a close observer, would have been seen to slightly contract. One thing the judge noticed: His wine-cup placed his back at his hip, where he seemed to be making some sort of an adjustment.

This act seemed to deter the judge from a remark he was about to make. At the same moment the host, who was sitting near, began to introduce Cardoso to several guests in close proximity to him. When Herrers came to introduce the stranger, not knowing his name, he hesitated. A quick glance passed between the stranger and the judge, the latter being about to move his lips as though to supply the name. But there was that in the former's expression which deterred him. Meanwhile Don Miguel passed on to the next introduction.

"Your face," said the judge to the stranger, "is familiar to me."

"I do not remember you, señor," replied the other, "and I trust you are mistaken."

"Why?"

"Because a gypsy once told me that just before my death I would meet a judge, and that the judge would die but a short while before me."

This singular remark attracted the attention of all within hearing. Donna Pepita looked up at her companion with an expression of startled terror.

"In that case," rejoined the judge, "I decline to remember you."

Little was said by those in the vicinity for some time. The stranger was watching every movement of the judge, who seemed to be casting about him for something—possibly an opportunity.

Presently the stranger, arising from his seat, said, addressing the judge:

"I did not come here to be an incident on these festivities, especially since they are given by those I respect and admire. I remember you very well Judge Cardoso. The last time we met you kindly informed me just how long I had to live—or, rather the day on which I would die. The day, I think, were not thick enough for those who love me. I disappointed you.

"Yes, I am Leandro Sierra, by inheritance a grandee of Spain, who lost his fortune at the gaming table and took to the road like many a gentleman among our ancestors. Never till this moment have I regretted my act."

He paused and cast a glance down at Senora Pepita, full of momentary anguish, then concluded:

"I will retire, and I trust no one will make a scene by attempting to stop me."

With a pistol in each hand he withdrew, walking out through the throng as though he did not care whether he were attacked or not. No one in the room was armed, and he was not interfered with. Besides, those who had been sitting near and had heard his words were engaged with Donna Pepita, who had fainted.

A few months later Leandro Sierra again stood before Judge Cardoso to receive a sentence of death. But he was much changed since the first time he had listened to his doom. His meeting with Donna Pepita Herrers had effected the change. He listened with bowed head, and when the sentence had been pronounced said:

"This time, Senor Judge, there will be no escape. I do not care to live."

Not long after the bandit's executed Donna Pepita entered a convent,

UNCONSCIOUS COUNTING.

Train the Mind to Number Grouped Objects at a Glance.

It has always formed a part of the professional entertaining education to acquire the power of making instant mental note of many objects. A German advocate of the theory that every one should cultivate some similar system of counting has suggested that the ability of most persons of distinguishing from three to five objects at a glance may be so perfected that the mind will find it possible to take note of at least thirty articles in the same length of time. The authority, however, has declared that he can count thirty objects of the same kind as easily as other persons can count three or four.

Apart from such usefulness as this acquired power may impart, the method of teaching it is of interest. The test of one's ability in counting is easily made by placing several small objects, such as pins or coins, under a sheet of paper and then lifting the paper so that one may glance at the articles and give an immediate guess as to their number.

At first the eye finds it possible to distinguish only three or four objects, but practice soon enables the experimenter to manage any under ten with facility. Above that number the process becomes more difficult. Conscious counting is not permitted. The artificial must be merely "relined."

To perfect oneself in this practice black spots, forming various geometrical figures, may be made upon squares of white cardboard, the number being gradually increased and the positions altered.

It is said that the sensation of a person practiced in unconscious counting when looking attentively at large numbers of objects is that their number "shoots rapidly through the head."—Philadelphia Record.

SAVAGES OF—ECUADOR.

The Jibaros Gave One Spanish Governor His Fill of Gold.

If you are looking for a real wild Indian seek the Jibaro. Perhaps you never heard of him, but you should, for he's the wildest, most savage and murdered type of redskin to be found today. War and the Jibaro are synonymous. No other Indian tribe in history has so determinedly and successfully resisted efforts to conquer it as this tribe of the Jibaro.

Today the Jibaro, 15,000 strong, rule supreme over the vast forest region of Ecuador between the Santiago and Pataso rivers and southward to the Amazon. It is one of the most picturesque and primitive of all surviving tribes of redskins. Once when partly subjugated to Spanish rule they were roused to rebellion by enforced labor in the mines of their taskmasters and marched 20,000 strong into the stronghold of their enemy and in one night completely annihilated the 12,000 inhabitants. As an example of their savagery they killed the governor by pouring molten gold down his throat in order that he "might have his fill of gold."

Like tactics are still pursued, and the Jibaro is little molested. War is their normal condition, their favorite weapons being the lance, the javelin and the blow gun with poisoned arrows, which have served them with deadly efficiency.

Little is known of their religions or mythological beliefs. There are about 1,400 Jibaros who are Christians, but few of these are of the full blooded race and are scorned by the majority of the tribe. Missionaries say the Jibaros will never break from ancient customs.—Catholic Encyclopedia.

Railway Wheels.

Did you ever notice that the wheels of a locomotive engine are beveled? The reason for this is that in rounding a curve the outer rail is, of course, a little longer than the inner one. The difference is very little, but it would be enough to make an engine "skid" unless it were reckoned for. In the bevel wheel the higher part, with its greater circumference, is forced against the outer rail by the very tendency of the engine to run straight ahead, and with the other wheel the smaller circumference rests on the rail, thus overcoming the difference in the lengths of the lines.

"An Old Police Trick."

Defending a man charged at West Ham with drunkenness, a solicitor said: "It's a very old trick for two policemen when taking a man to the station to walk out of step. The result is that the prisoner lurches from one side to the other, and he is supposed to be unable to walk without assistance."—London Standard.

A Different Mission.

"Well, old man, how's tricks?"

"Miss Wallaby accepted me last night."

"I suppose you are around today accepting congratulations."

"No; I'm around today trying to borrow $200 to buy the ring."—Louisville Courier-Journal.

A Shrinking Nature.

Mr. Goodnute—What's your real objection to taking a bath?

Soiled Samuel—You see, mister, I'm so delicate dat if I even git near de water I shrink.—Exchange.

New Danger.

Wife—Did you read about the awful railroad wreck? Husband—Yes, but for heaven's sake don't let your mother know or she won't dare to go home.—Satire.

Every base occupation makes one stary in its practice and dull in every other.—Sidney.

MILLET'S RIOT IN COLORS.

The Artist Enraged the Critics, but Forced Recognition.

In his early years as an artist, the late Frank D. Millet had a hard struggle to gain recognition. He sent pictures to exhibitions, to be sure, and good pictures they were, but no one paid any attention to them. The injustice of counting his about them.

One day Millet conceived an idea. He painted a picture of a lady in black sitting on a bright red sofa, standing against a vivid yellow background. The effect was just a trifle startling. Friends who saw it in the process of production expostulated with him and asked him what he was going to do with it. They were astounded when he announced that he was going to send it to the exhibition. They told him the critics would "wipe the floor" with him. "They can't do that without mentioning me," said Millet quietly, "and they've never even done that, as yet."

To the exhibition the picture went. It filled everything within twenty feet of on either side. You couldn't help looking at it. It simply knocked you down and held you there.

The critics got hold of the towering passion over it. They wrote whole columns about it. They exhausted the English language in abusing it. They ridiculed the composition. They pulverized it to be hung. They had squibs and gibes about it, but every time they wrote of it they mentioned Frank Millet. He suddenly became the best known artist in town. Somebody, because of the stir it had made, bought the picture at a good price and removed it to the seclusion of his own home.

When the next exhibition came off Millet had another picture ready, one of a very different sort and very good, but no better than others which he had exhibited before. The critics had much to say about it and "noted with pleasure the marked improvement" that Mr. Millet had made, "as evidence," as they modestly put it, "of the value of criticism, even though severe, to a painstaking artist." The majority of them never realized that Millet had simply compelled their attention by a clever trick.

TUNIS DIVORCE COURT.

An Oriental Scene That Smacks of Very Modern Methods.

The next time you happen to be in Tunis don't fail to pay a visit to the divorce court. It is the most Herculean tribunal institution this side of Samarkand. A great hall of justice, vaulted and floored with marble and carpets from eastern carpets, forms the setting, while husbands in turbans and lawyers in turbooshes, white veiled women and gowned in black and white judges complete a scene which might have been taken straight from "The Arabian Nights."

The women, closely veiled and hooded and herded like so many cattle within an iron grill, take no part in the proceedings save that the results affect their futures, their interests being left in the hands of a voluble and gesticulative advocate. Behind the long table of the great hall is an alcove, and in each alcove, seated cross legged on a many cushioned divan, is a perfumed, gold robed judge. To him the husband states his case, the wife, through her avocat, putting in her defense when it is called for.

The judge considers the facts in silence, gravely stroking his long gray beard the while, and then delivers his decision—in favor of one or the other, so I was told, in favor of the husband. Should either party be dissatisfied with the finding he or she can take an appeal by the simple process of walking across the hall and laying their case before the other judges, whose decision is final.

A case, even if appealed, is generally disposed of well under an hour and at a total cost of $1.20.—Metropolitan Magazine.

Too Hasty.

A traveling theatrical company was starring to parade in a small New England town when a big gander from a farmyard near at hand waddled to the middle of the street and began to hiss.

One of the double-in-brass actors turned toward the fowl and angrily exclaimed:

"You'll be so quick to jump at conclusions. Wait till you see the show" —Lippincott's.

Didn't Like the Reference.

Trump—You know the sayin', mum, "He that giveth to the poor lendeth to the Lord." Mrs. Snobbish—Very true. And since you speak in proverbs I'll refer you to another old saw. Trump —Which one is dat, mum? Mrs. S.—The one back in the woodshed.—Boston Transcript.

A Tight Fit.

"How do you like the rooms in your new flat?" asked Bill Brown.

"Pretty fair," answered Jim Jones. "What do you call a pretty fair?"

"Well, they're a little tight across the shoulders, but otherwise seem to be a good fit."—Cleveland Plain Dealer.

Irony of Fate.

"Did your husband have luck on his shooting trip?"

"The very worst. He accidentally shot the friend who was going to take us on an automobile tour and missed the man to whom he owed a lot of money."—Baltimore American.

Security.

"Did you lend that forgetful friend of yours the book he asked for?"

"Yes, but I took care to borrow his umbrella the same day."—Washington Star.

A PECULIAR WOMAN.

The Born Parisienne, Her Moods, Her Smile and Her Charm.

The Parisienne is not and never has been representative of the French woman, although she might be described as the distilled essence of all that is French.

She is as hostile to be typical of the women of France. She is also bizarre, and the Frenchwoman, broadly speaking, never is. She is gay and morbid at one and the same moment. She is eternally young, yet born with the cynical wisdom of ages. She is true to the point of folly. She is free from any taint of provincialism and in a way stands on a small pinnacle apart from the rest of womankind with a smile that has some fellowship with that of the sphinx. Her charm is world renowned and indisputable and of a peculiar kind.

She is not beautiful, and she is never merely pretty, but charm runs in her blood, and it is as natural for her to use it as it is for the sun to shine. Everything about her is witness to this attribute, and she herself accepts it as a fact that no human hands, unchangeable as that which rules the "orderly procession of the stars" and powerful as that which brought her into the world and will one day send her out of it.—Pall Mall Gazette.

JAPANESE TEAPOTS.

All Sorts of Shapes and Sizes in All Manner of Materials.

In Japan teapots may be had in any shape, in any design, at any price. One model is a huge children-like affair that will hold three gallons, while others are so small that a thimbleful may be said almost to make them overflow.

The Japanese have teapots in the shape of birds, beasts and fowls. Fishes and frogs have also lent their forms to others. A beetle design is very popular, as is one depicting a fat, squirming eel. Buddha himself has been pressed into service as a model. Swans, correct to the last curl of neck and feathers, form teapots so small that they can be hidden in the palm of the hand. There are lotus bud pots and pots in the shape of tea houses.

All manner of materials are included in the composition. Inlaid silver, hammered copper, iron exquisitely wrought and all the different kinds of Japanese pottery have been used in the manufacture of teapots. Several favorite designs bring $100 apiece. Each one is a perfect handiwork in the far east that many others may be bought for a few cents.—New York Press.

A Blow From a Lion's Paw.

A man entered a London theater in the early morning and found to his horror that four lions, which were housed there, had broken from their cage. One gave him a blow with its paw, then took him in its mouth. The blow from a lion's paw is said to be, after the stroke of a whale's tail and the rifle bullet, the most terrific force full of roses are creatures of God. Mural decorations and the cosmetic counter are poor substitutes. Dispassionate appraisal of the churches in like manner. When I was a boy I owned a Noah's ark. The structure and the animals therein I have mislaid away, but their memory remains. There was Noah himself, carved from pine and whittled with a pocket knife. There were Shem, Ham and Japheth, Noah's sons; the first was painted yellow, the second black, the third white. There were four and four had moreless eyes and hands and mouths—wondrous females. The trees were made by a plaster mill. The raven Poe would never have used for his poem. The animals looked as if steam engineering methods were used to get them to take their part. No boy who owned such a collection would ever run away with a circus. If you have a boy, five cents will buy Noah's family you will understand my illustration.

"Tempora Mutantur."

I think the most important lesson of my little text of three letters is the ease with which one man is succeeded by another. "A new king arose that knew not Joseph." "Tempora mutantur." "Shadows we are, and shadows we pursue," said Burke. History forgets. You and I will soon be obsolete. We are tools, and tools soon lose their edge. We value our progenitors as lightly as our descendants will value us. Fifty years ago very prominent men toiled and fought and voted who are now forgotten. How many of us will be known fifty years hence? "The paths of glory lead but to the grave." The general dies, but an understrapper replaces him. Gladstone has a stroke, and two younger ones grasp his falling pen. The church thinks there can never be a minister like the present one. At the next conference they find one better, his guest opposite. The warmest supporters of one year will be the loudest admirers of the second. The first wife or husband does not always wear an imperishable crown. All this leads to sadness and joy. Sadness that the grass will soon grow higher than our names and that we will so soon look from men's memories. Joy that our foundation may support a better building than we could have erected. We are for church and society, not they for us. After every thought has been tallied a man is measured by how easily the world can get on without him. A church that fails to please at a minister's death attests his weakness, not his strength. Our task is to reduplicate ourselves so that we will last longer than we live. A simple "and" will cover the earth days that we thought so long. They were simply the connection that connected the eternity from which we came to that to which we are going.

SABBATH NIGHT SERMONS

By Rev. Samuel W. Purvis, D. D.

"AND."

Text, "And."—Ex. 1: 1.

I tiptoed gingerly. Hat in hand most of the time. My first visit to Mount Vernon. I followed my guide across the simple portico. Through corridor, parlor, dining hall, library, bedroom—simple each in their furnishment. I was impressed with the indefinable feeling the sanctuaries of a great man always inspire. Had a marble statue of the Father of His Country stalked by me, majestic, calm, inimitable, heroic, it would not have been surprised. The Bible is the home of the spirit of God. Genesis is the porch, Exodus the hall, Leviticus the kitchen, Ruth the music room. The Psalms are the gardens, the gospels the portrait gallery. Would it reverently lift the pen of the first president and pass up the author of Exodus without a thought? "I am human," cried the Roman. "I am human, that to me human is trivial to me." "I am divine," we ought to cry, "and nothing that is divine is trivial to me." Look then with me at the first word of the first verse of the first chapter of the second treatise of the book of books.

"And."

"And—these are names of the children," etc. "And" we have passed from porch into hall. "And" is the door. It is the coupling so small is the train. It derives importance from its setting. The translators have robbed it of much of its strength by calling it "now," but your Hebrew tells you it is the plain conjunction "and." The Almighty uses it to begin a story rich in incident and pregnant in meaning. "And" is the connecting link. It connects Jacob's death with Moses' birth. A long period intervenes. God passes it by in silence. The most of history is unrecorded. Between Joseph and Moses were many men. They sowed and reaped, then died till death. To them the smallest event was momentous. Their touring car was a camel, their clubhouse a tent. Cain built a city and was first mayor. But men tired of cities after awhile, as they will again. Tragedy, drama, comedy were enacted; smiles, tears, applause touched millions of lives. The word "and" covers it all. It does more. It makes all history one. There are no breaks in God's chain. We simanas days, weeks and months. God sees only continuous time.

"When Men Make Gods."

This "and" shows that naturalness is a part of God. Nature is the art of God. Art, artful and artless are berries that are hard for apart. The hand in writing, speech, dress or life is due to unaffected grace. The lilac bush and the rillings below it on the face full of roses are creatures of God. Mural decorations and the cosmetic counter are poor substitutes. Dispassionate appraisal of the churches in like manner. When I was a boy I owned a Noah's ark. The structure and the animals therein I have mislaid away, but their memory remains. There was Noah himself, carved from pine and whittled with a pocket knife. There were Shem, Ham and Japheth, Noah's sons; the first was painted yellow, the second black, the third white. There were four and four had moreless eyes and hands and mouths—wondrous females. The trees were made by a plaster mill. The raven Poe would never have used for his poem. The animals looked as if steam engineering methods were used to get them to take their part. No boy who owned such a collection would ever run away with a circus. If you have a boy, five cents will buy Noah's family you will understand my illustration.

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THE SUPPLANTER

A Modern Romance

By WILMOT KAYE

(Continued)

No, she answered with a shudder. Don't you like him?

I hate him, Lady Barton said fiercely.

But it was he that recommended you to me.

Lady Barton quickly saw that she had said more than she intended.

I only know him in a business way, and perhaps hate is rather a strong word. But he is a cad, in spite of his chivalry, and he is a man that I label dangerous.

I think you are right, Vera answered with a quick look at her companion, and she could not help noticing the flushed face. She scented a mystery, but she did not think the present an opportune moment to inquire into it. She really liked Lady Barton, and she made up her mind to trust her.

I am very glad you came to me, even if it was through Crawley Brann, she said suddenly, and now you can tell me all about the furnishing.

Everything will be ready in a couple of days. The place will be charming, Lady Barton replied eagerly, for she was only too glad of the chance of changing the conversation.

While she was dressing for dinner Lady Barton was busy with her thoughts. She was fond of Hilda, and she was struggling hard to be loyal to her. Were it not for those fateful letters to Crawley Brann's safe, she would have been quite happy. The question that was troubling her was whether she might still be loyal to Vera, and refuse to do Brann's dirty work, but she could not make up her mind to run the risk. If she had only known that he dared not use the letters which he held she would have been supremely happy.

CHAPTER IX.

David Clay was very unsettled in mind. The more he saw of the fair, the greater became his love, but he could not feel that she gave him any encouragement. He seized with avidity every opportunity to be in her presence, but her reception of him was merely friendly and nothing more. He was comforted by the thought that he had no rivals, for Brann never entered into his calculations.

He happened to notice that there was a large estate in the market, and like most millionaires his thoughts ran into the direction of real property, so he took a run down in the car to see it. The house was almost a mansion, and was about four miles inland from Bognor. The price asked was a stiff one, but he had fallen in love with the place, so he closed the bargain. The property had belonged to an ancient family that had fallen on evil days, and with the house he had bought a great deal of the old furniture. He at once started a small army of men at work and a fleet of vans of decorators and furniture people proceeded to have the place ready for habitation in an incredibly short space of time.

He had not even told Mrs. de Lisle of his new purchase, and he broke the news at a dinner party given by Vera, the night before she was to take possession of her new flat.

I want you all to come down to my new place, he said suddenly.

Where is that? Helen de Lisle asked curiously.

Radnor Manor, in Sussex.

Is this a new purchase? Vera asked.

Quite; and I want you to be present at the house warming. He spoke directly to Vera, and Mrs. de Lisle had difficulty in hiding her irritation.

I presume you will want me to act as hostess, I believe I am your nearest female relative, she said quickly.

That was my intention, he answered with politeness. I suggest that we celebrate our Christmas in the real old fashioned way. Yule logs and Christmas trees, and that kind of thing.

And the weather will probably be muggy and sloppy, Mrs. de Lisle broke in dryly.

We will give you a day or two to get into your fur. Will next Friday suit you, Miss Grant? We can all motor down together.

It is a charming idea. That reminds me that I want a car. I wish you would choose one for me, she said to Clay, who expressed his willingness to do so.

After dinner David Clay succeeded in getting a few minutes alone with Vera, and he used them to the best advantage.

I suppose your father told you a good deal about West Africa, he began.

Yes.

He did not notice the flush that tinged her cheeks, but continued quickly. I think the life there, even if it is only for a year or two, changes one's whole outlook. I have learned to death—the burying of a friend who has dined with one the night before gives one a better perspective of human nature. One values the things that matter, and frivolities are thrust aside. I have never known you more deeply I feel the sacrifice that your father made.

Please don't, she said protestingly.

I can never repay the debt I owe you, but for me he would have lived and you would have him with you now.

He quite naturally placed her agitation to the thought of her father.

I am going to do everything in my power to make up to you for his loss, sometimes I imagine that a kind fate will—

Please don't say any more, she broke in hurriedly and there were tears in her eyes.

I will be silent for the present, he said earnestly, and as his eyes met hers she blushed deeply.

She could see them brimming over with love for her, and she choked back a sob, as the thought of the happiness that might have been here. She began to loathe the money that she had obtained so despicably, and longed to be able to undo the past.

I often look at you to try and find a trace of your father, but I suppose you are like your mother. Yet there is something in the expression of your eyes—so tender—so soft—yet capable of a change that—

Yes, I think I take after my mother, but I do not remember her, she said hurriedly.

I found an old photograph among your father's possessions. It was much faded, but the face of the woman who held a child on her knee was sweet and beautiful—I suppose that child was you.

I suppose so.

He did not tell me much about your youth. Where did you live before you went to the convent.

We travelled, she answered indistinctly.

He was very fond of you. All his plans and thoughts were of you, his wish for riches was only for your sake. I remember just before he died, he said in his delirium that he would make you a princess. Your name was almost the last word he uttered.

I cannot bear it, Vera cried, and she broke into a quiet sob.

What a brute I am, he cried. I forgot how it must pain you to hear all this.

No—no, she exclaimed, for she hardly knew why, but a sense of duty so torn was she by her conflicting feelings of hatred of herself and love for this man, that the mentioning her so horribly with his words.

After all there is no reason for sadness. He died a happy man. Queen Victoria Cross has been awarded for many a deed that required less pluck for it was done in the heat of battle, no death staring him in the face. You ought to be proud of having had such a father.

She was incapable of making any reply, but longed for him to cease.

But it was of myself that I meant to speak, he continued quickly. I want you to understand me, Miss Grant. Before I went to West Africa and met your father I had led a life of slothful ease, having thought of nothing but my own enjoyment, and I thank kind providence that drove me to work for my living. I am sure you would never like a mere idler.

I have had to work to keep myself, and I don't regret it. Even now I would gladly live those few weeks over again back in my garret, but differently I should act, she cried, and her voice vibrated with the intensity of her feelings.

Then I should never have met you. Do you regret having done so?

Is it the money you hate?

Yes—no—I don't know, she answered practically, for the situation was becoming unbearable.

I looked at her in astonishment.

I don't think I can be very well, she said more calmly, for she had made a supreme effort to recover her composure.

I ought not to have spoken of your father, he replied, and he was satisfied that this was the cause of the strangeness of her manner.

He maintained silence until he saw that she was quite calm, but he had not a further opportunity of speaking for Mrs. de Lisle, who had been looking at them uneasily from the other side of the room, came over to them.

I have been telling Miss Grant what her father said, Clay said to her, for he wished to account for the traces of tears which were evident on Vera's face.

It was very sad. No wonder you feel it so deeply, Mrs. de Lisle remarked, but there was no sympathy in her voice.

But one has to take risks in that dreadful climate. I expected to hear of your death by every mail, David. Don't you think we must be going. It is rather late.

It is only ten o'clock, he said, impatiently.

A servant came in, and approached Vera.

Mr. Crawley Brann has called. Will you see him, madam.

Vera looked undecided, for she felt that she could not bear any further strain, but, on the other hand, David might think it strange if she refused to see him.

Ask him to come up please, she said at last.

(To be Continued)

SUNBURN. BLISTERS. SORE FEET.

Everybody now admits that Zam-Buk is the best. Let it give YOU easy and comfort.

Druggists and Stores everywhere

Zam-Buk

Gi: sgow's Great Night School

In a big, dark, stone-and-basement building in Glasgow, where the Technical College is located, 500 young specialists are working amongst test tubes, text-books and assay furnaces daily. But at night the visitor sees the exuberant jump from 500 to more than 5,000, and along with the night course collegians two regiments of student marksmen parade in and the whole building is packed.

For ten shillings ($2.50) a term, a Glasgow man may learn at the night trade classes the first principles of the plumber's or printer's trade, says the "Technical World Magazine," and for seven an sixpence ($1.87) boilermaking or sheet metal work; for five shillings ($1.25) how to cut cobblers' patterns or a course for a shoe store salesman.

There are rooms full of looms and fabrics and dyes. If the student cares to learn the principles and practice of textile manufacture, and there are other laboratories for bakers, watchmakers, tailors, furniture designers or tailors. Three is every reason why the classmates will be older than twenty, so no need to feel no shame at going to school again. Hundreds of the men he passes in the halls will have had a common school education.

That Public school buildings should be used only a few hours in the day; time implies an inadequate return on the taxpayers' investment. In Glasgow Scotch practicability has seen this and applied a remedy. Result: less efficiency of an education plant was multiplied by ten.

It is characteristic of the Scotch to solve a problem by commonsense, whenever such a problem arises. Are their schoolrooms empty at night? Then they must be filled! The invitation is given and the thing is done.

Piece of Newton's Apple Tree

The British Royal Astronomical Society recently became the owner of an interesting, because apparently well authenticated, relic of Sir Isaac Newton. This is a small bit from the apple tree in the garden at Woolthorpe, on which the famous apple fell and gave famous apple since Eve in Eden, with the possible exception of those of Helen of Troy and William Tell), grew. Mr. C. W. Waller, of Burwash, Sussex, who presented the log to the society, sent the following history with it:—His father, born in 1857, was at school when ten or twelve, with the rector of Stoke, Lincolnshire, named Pearson. After a heavy storm news reached the school that Sir Isaac's apple tree had been blown down. The rector and some of the boys at once set out for Woolthorpe, which is not far from Stoke. They found the tree, which for many years had been propped up to preserve it, lying flat on the ground. The rector obtained a saw, and cut a number of small logs from one of the limbs. Mr. Waller's father received one of these and preserved it with great care until his death, when it came down as one of the heirlooms to his son.

Putting Him at His Ease

When Fred Hall was the city editor of the Tribune, says Druzy Underwood in the Chicago Post, he was characterized by an extreme gravity, a full beard, an office straw hat with holes punched in it and a corncob pipe. Courteous and considerate, he did not invite familiarity, and when some old man around the shop called him by his first name the recruits looked up.

A reporter, budding into metropolitan journalism after transplanting from a mail town, failed to take proper cognizance of the gravity, the beard, the hat and the pipe. Approaching the office hours when it was time to go to supper, he went to the main desk and said:

Anything more just now, Fred?

Mr. Hall looked up, and replied:

Why be so cold and formal? Call me Freddie.

There were times when McFee gloried in the fact that he was the father of nine children, even if they were on the lines of the proverbial human stepladder, but on the day when he was taking them out for a walk a felt chargrined.

He was walking along at a fairly good gait when he was halted by a policeman, who asked:

I say, you, what you been doin'?

Nothing, replied McFee. Why?

Well, what's the crowd following you for.

Cherry Garden

Londoners, in cherry time, used formerly to flock to Bermondsey to regale themselves with fruit at the famous Cherry Garden. Pepys, in June, 1664, records a visit to the place—To Greenwich, and so to the Cherry Garden, and thence by water singing finely. The site of the old garden alluded to in later time by Dickens, is now covered by a street whose name preserves its memory—and little more. You can still take a ticket to Cherry Garden pier.

Character In Walking

Obstinate people who, in argument rely more on muscularity than on intellectual power, rest the feet flatly and firmly on the ground, walk heavily and slowly, and stand with legs firmly planted and far apart. Quick steps are indicative of energy and agitation. Tiptoe walking symbolizes surprise, curiosity, fear, shame, or mystery. Turning-in toes are often found with preoccupied, absent-minded persons. The miser's walk is represented as stooping and noiseless, with short, nervous, anxious steps. Slow steps, long or short, suggest a gentle or reflective state of mind. When a revengeful purpose is hidden under a feigned smile the step will be silnking and noiseless. The proud step is slow and measured, the toes are conspicuously turned out, the legs straightened. Where the dignified step was wavering and following every changing impulse of the mind, it inevitably betrays uncertainty, hesitation and indecision.

The British Empire supplies about three-fifths of the world's demands for gold.

The Passing of Punch and Judy

And in the Punch and Judy show and Judy dear to youthful English citizens, and a pleasant memory to their parents and grandparents was not driven by vanish from the land; that Punch and Judy with his inimitable squeak, and Judy who used to discuss with such unmoved calm, are to be read out of court. It is to be feared so, that the London Post says the law books look on the old puppets and their performance as an obstruction. And one that should be removed. London is so full that the Post complains that busy men, pursuing their rectilinear way down Spring Gardens must not be forced by bunches of crowd to diverge—to be the mathematically straight line which is the shortest and speediest way between two given points. But one cannot help remembering that once upon a time there used to be Punch and Judy shows in Palace yard and all good Britons were friends of the show and the showman. It appears, old friends are forgotten, or considered simply as a nuisance, and Punch and Judy, the squeak, and so forth, are away in the hands of their present owners—or, in happier fortune—to be cherished specimens of old and once popular divertisements.

Speaking of the days that were, the Post says: Every Wednesday at 6 o'clock the house used to rise. Prompt to the minute came that loud and penetrating squeak which so long as any of us can remember has announced the arrival of Punch and his friends. The legislators used to gather, and with care and solemnity the ancient drama was played through. Which could not have had a nobler mentor to the national heart than Palace yard. Now the national heart has gone to other rhythms, and Punch is "an obstruction." That long road which used to wind through so many decades of unwearied journeying is leading him at last to its end in the land of shades—to be remembered at last of many figures that once were with him on the road to make the life of the road pleasant. Mr. Punch, for instance, is the old dancing bear that used to be so little of a favorite in Eden, with the possible exception of those of Helen of Troy and William Tell), grew. Mr. C. W. Waller, of Burwash, Sussex, who presented the log to the society, sent the following history with it:—His father, born in 1857, was at school when ten or twelve, with the rector of Stoke, Lincolnshire, named Pearson. After a heavy storm news reached the school that Sir Isaac's apple tree had been blown down. The rector and some of the boys at once set out for Woolthorpe, which is not far from Stoke. They found the tree, which for many years had been propped up to preserve it, lying flat on the ground. The rector obtained a saw, and cut a number of small logs from one of the limbs. Mr. Waller's father received one of these and preserved it with great care until his death, when it came down as one of the heirlooms to his son.

Orthodox Hickaite

More than a hundred and forty thousand Friends are now members of the various meetings. In England and Ireland the so-called Orthodox branch, and number about twenty thousand; in America the Orthodox Quakers are nearly a hundred thousand strong, with three-quarters of these living in the northeastern part of Alleghanies. Philadelphia is the centre of the Hicksaite branch, and their followers are chiefly found in Ireland and in Canada, and the Wilburites, a small American subsect which still professes the rigorous Quakerism of the eighteenth century. —The Century.

SALLOW FACES

Often Caused by Tea and Coffee Drinking

How many persons realize that tea and coffee so disturb digestion that they become sallow, muddy, yellow complexion?

A ten days' trial of Postum has proven this to mean, in thousands of cases, of clearing up a bad complexion.

A Wasan young lady tells her experience:

"All of us—father, mother, sister and brother—had used tea and coffee for many years until finally we all became troubled with sallow skin, and us simply so many bundles of nerves. We didn't realize the trouble and fee caused the trouble until one day we ran out of coffee and went to borrow some from a neighbor. She gave us some Postum and told us to try that.

We brought so started to make it. we all felt sure we would be sick if we missed our strong coffee, but we tried Postum according to directions and found it delicious.

We read the statements on the Postum pkg. and in a month and a half you wouldn't have known us. We all felt like new people and kept without any trouble, each one's skin became clear, tongues cleaned off, and nerves in fine condition. We never use anything now but Postum. There is nothing like it." Name given by Canadian Postum Co. Windsor, Ont.

"There's a reason." and it is explained in the little book, "The Road to Wellville," in pkgs.

Ever read the above letter? A new one appears from time to time. They are genuine, true, and full of human interest.

The Museum Lecturer

It is reported in Nature that the explanations of an official guide to the collections of the British Museum has been such a success that the Natural History Museum at South Kensington has added a similar function by its staff. He will make two trips a day through the Museum, each one lasting an hour, and presumably involving a visit to and brief explanation of the most interesting and instructive habits. To say that this plan will double the educational value of the Museum is to state the case for it very mildly. For many of the visitors, probably the vast majority of them, the collections in such museums undescribed, mean nothing. The same thing is true to a lesser degree in zoological gardens, and even art museums. The provision of a lecturer, unofficially (and obviously) scientific or artistic, so that the tipping problem was eliminated, would add enormously to the value of every public museum. There seems no way to whom the amount of money necessary to secure the services of a really competent man for this position could be spent to better advantage.

Minard's Liniment Cures Colds, Etc

Potted Roses

There was a time when Englishmen could celebrate St. George's Day by feasting on roses as well as worshipping them. Old cookery books abound in recipes into which rose leaves enter. The writers tell how to make potted roses. "I first pound some of the most fragrant roses in a mortar, then I take the brains of hare and pigs well boiled and stripped of every particle of meat. I then add the yolks of some eggs, some oil, a little cordial, some pepper and some wine. After having beaten and mixed it well together, I place it over a slow fire. When this dish is brought to table the most delicious fragrance issues forth, covering the guests with delight. Every good housewife in the seventeenth century made rose water, which was used for flavoring food.—London Chronicle.

One He Didn't Make

The colony of artists living in St. Botolph street are having a laugh on a man who has been considerable of a nuisance to them the past few months. This man prides himself on a brusqueness that is more mistaken wit. The other night he was introduced to a young sculptor whose fame is getting beyond the confines of Boston.

So you are the chap that makes mud heads, are you, asked the witty man.

Not all of them, the sculptor remarked quietly.—Boston Traveler.

A Slander — Is it true that your daughter has married a highbrow, Mrs. Rockingham?

Why, what was started by some of the girls who were jealous. Julia's husband is a writer, but his royalties amount to over $40,000 a year.—Chicago Record Herald.

Both Experienced

He—Dearest, you are the first woman I ever kissed.

She (frigidly)—You don't do it like an amateur.

He (wrathfully)—Deceitful one, how can you make the difference?—Baltimore American.

Could Not be Worse

Old gent—Pon my word, madam, I should hardly have known you, you have altered so much.

Lady—I'm better or for the worse?

Old gent—Ah, madam, you could only change for the better.

When Holloway's Corn Cure is applied to a corn or wart it kills the roots and the callosity comes out without hurry to the flesh.

The Home of the Death Flower

The crew of the vessel which is setting out to solve the mystery of the mammoth statutes of Easter Island must steer clear of El Banoor, another island of the Pacific. One of our early explorers, Hugh Arkwright, who visited the island in 1881, warns travellers against visiting El Banoor—the home of the death flower. This flower, we are told, is so large that a man can stand upright inside one of its blossoms. But if he does so he will surely fall asleep, lulled by the strange fragrance it distills. Then the flower folds its petals and sucks its victim in. And so he passes into a sleep through splendid dreams, and lives his life in the death flower for food.—London Chronicle.

Are You Blue and Worried?

Nervous? Some of the time really ill? Catch cold easily and frequently suffer from biliousness or headache? The reason is that your system does not rid itself of the poisons in the blood; just as impossible as it is for the grate of a stove to rid itself of cinders. The waste doors to us must be opened, and Dr. Pierce's Pleasant Pellets make the fires burn low until enough clinkers have accumulated and then prevent the burning of coal. A single dose of these "Pellets" gives a sluggish system such a shaking-up as will make every organ do its duty, and restore health and vigor. Constipation, sick headache, biliousness, indigestion, dizziness, coated tongue, sour stomach, bad breath, and kindred symptoms, soon disappear after using these little sugar-coated granules. They're the original Little Liver Pills, first sold over forty years ago, and still the best. Don't accept substitutes.

MRS. BLAKE.

Mrs. Rose Blake, Dover, Que., St., writes: "I have been a great sufferer for years from throat trouble, catarrh, indigestion, female troubles, blood disorders and nervousness. My throat I would be so bad, then able to be up again. Was under many different doctors' care, and would get better for a little while, then I would go down with chronic inflammation all through me. For nineteen years I had this awful trouble. Finally, after trying many remedies, I wrote a letter to The People's Common Sense Medical Advisor of Dr. Pierce's Golden Medical Discovery and Dr. Pierce's Favorite Prescription. I have taken the 'Golden Medical Discovery' and 'Pleasant Pellets,' and have used five bottles of Dr. Sage's Catarrh Remedy. I am now able to do my work and walk with pleasure. I feel like a new woman. I enjoy everything around me and thank God for letting me live long enough to find some thing that made me well again."

Dr. Pierce's Pleasant Pellets regulate liver and bowels.

The Northern Trusts Company

HEAD OFFICE, WINNIPEG

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TRUSTEE, EXECUTOR, ADMINISTRATOR

and we shall be glad to forward a copy of our Booklet "Something About Trusts, Trustees and Trust Companies," on request.

MONEY TO LOAN ON FARM PROPERTY AT CURRENT RATES OF INTEREST

Itching and Burning on Face and Throat

Sores Disfigured So He Dreaded to Appear in Public. No Rest Night or Day. Cuticura Ointment Cured.

"Six months ago my face and throat all broke out and turned into a running sore. I did not bother about it at first, but in one week's time the disease had spread so rapidly over my face and throat and the burning itching sore became so painful that I began to seek relief in different medicines, but none seemed to give me any relief. The sores disfigured my face to such an extent that I dreaded to appear in public.

"I could hardly rest and could get no rest night or day. At last a friend advised me to try the Cuticura Remedies. I had about given up hope, but thought I would have one more try, and so I used a little Cuticura Ointment, and I felt relief at once. Before I continued using it and in six weeks' time was completely cured, and can say I would advise anyone suffering from skin disease to use Cuticura Ointment, as it is the best healing balm in the world." (Signed) Hector Good, Stream Parade, Alta., Feb. 18, 1911.

FOUND RELIEF ONLY FROM CUTICURA SOAP AND OINTMENT

"My little girl about only a few weeks old broke out on the top of her head and it became a solid scab. Then her cheeks became affected and sore and after trying different remedies found relief only from using Cuticura Soap and Ointment. In about six months or more, but after a thorough treatment with the Cuticura Soap and Ointment we never had any return." (Signed) Mrs. W. B. Owen, Yadkin College, N. C., May 28, 1911.

For more than a generation Cuticura Soap and Ointment have afforded the most successful treatment for skin and scalp troubles of infants, children and adults. A single cake of Cuticura Soap and box of Cuticura Ointment are often sufficient. Although sold by druggists and dealers throughout the world, a liberal sample of each, with 32-p. book on the skin, will be sent free, on application to Potter Drug & Chem. Corp., 24 Columbus Ave., Boston, U. S. A.

W. N. U. 937

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Extract of Wild Strawberry Compound

Is safe, reliable, and most effective in all cases of Diarrhoea, Cholera Infantum, Summer Complaint, and Cholera Morbus.

In 25c. and 50c. bottles, at your Druggist's.

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Examine DURO carefully at your dealer's, or write for sample and Booklet to the

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TABLE SALT

You have got to use some kind of salt on the table. You must use salt in your cooking and baking.

Are you using the best salt—WINDSOR TABLE SALT?

It's the little things that count. It's Windsor Salt, that will help you make dainty dishes and flavor of food as it should be flavored. WINDSOR SALT is pure and has good flow.

40

REST AND HEALTH TO MOTHER AND CHILD.

MRS. WINSLOW'S SOOTHING SYRUP has been used for over SIXTY YEARS BY MILLIONS OF MOTHERS FOR THEIR CHILDREN WHILE TEETHING, WITH PERFECT SUCCESS. IT SOOTHES THE CHILD, SOFTENS THE GUMS, ALLAYS ALL PAIN; CURES WIND COLIC, and is the best remedy for DIARRHŒA. It is absolutely harmless. Sold by druggists in every part of the world. Be sure and ask for "Mrs. Winslow's Soothing Syrup," and take no other kind. Twenty-five cents a bottle.

HOW THE FARMER WOULD LOSE BY A SAMPLE MARKET

Every day it is becoming more and more evident that the most ruinous results to the farmers of the West would follow the establishment of sample markets for grain at Winnipeg and Fort William.

As a striking instance of the harm that would follow such a move, was brought out at an investigation of the traffic congestion on the Canadian railways before the Railway Commission at Ottawa. In giving their testimony J. W. Leonard of the C.P.R. and W. H. Biggar of the Grand Trunk Pacific stated that the congestion was very largely owing to their inability to secure rolling stock from the manufacturers as fast as it was required. All the car shops are behind hand with orders. In fact it is impossible for the car shops to turn out rolling stock as rapidly as the development of the country requires it. In this connection it was stated that the directors of one company had authorized the expenditure of $15,000,000 in rolling stock, but could get no firm to fill the orders.

It will be seen by these statements which were uncontradicted, that the congestion of traffic and car shortages on the railways of the west are owing to the exceedingly rapid development of the country rather than to the neglect of the railway companies. And this wonderful development is as yet only in its early stages, and when it is completed how will our transportation companies be able to handle the traffic? The grain congestion of last fall was bad enough but with the increased acreage under cultivation each year the conditions will grow worse as time passes, unless radical measures are taken to prevent it.

With these facts in view, what can be said of the criminal folly of establishing a sample market that will at one stroke take away twenty-five per cent of the cars now available for the grain carrying trade. Before many years pass the grain crop of the west will be over five hundred million bushels. And when that time comes, even providing that the sample market is a qualified success, which is impossible, the twenty-five per cent loss of cars will still be a great is proportion as it would be if the sample market were established today. Any intelligent farmer can figure out for himself what the loss would be to him, were the sample market established and the cars detained at Winnipeg as they would be for from twenty-four to forty-eight hours on every trip, and how much wheat would be left in his granary that would otherwise be shipped, sold and paid for. Remember that it would mean, under ordinary conditions, that one bushel out of every four is left on his hands at the close of navigation.

And why, in the name of ordinary common sense should the farmer be put to this loss and inconvenience? There is no reason whatever for he hands to lose at every turn. The only persons who could possibly be benefited are the men who would handle the wheat on the sample market, and would mix it and fix it so as to bring the most profit to themselves.

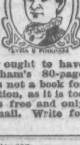
It is to the interests of every farmer to carefully study this sample market question in all its bearings. At present the farmer is safeguarded on every hand by statutory laws which are fully well observed, while the farmer now has full control of his own wheat on the market. If he don't like to sell to the local agent for any reason, either on account of grade or price, he can ship himself. The railway companies are compelled by law to furnish him a car in his turn and place it at a loading platform for him. At Winnipeg a honest grade is assured him by a government inspector and the wheat is sold at a fair market price. And there is no man of the situation.

FREE ADVICE TO SICK WOMEN

Thousands Have Been Helped By Common Sense Suggestions.

Women suffering from any form of female ills are invited to communicate promptly with the woman's private correspondent department of the Lydia E. Pinkham Medicine Co., Lynn, Mass. Your letter will be opened, read and answered by a woman and held in strict confidence. A woman can freely talk of her private illness to a woman; thus has been established a confidential correspondence which has extended over many years and which has never been broken. Never have they published a testimonial or used a letter without the written consent of the writer, and never has the Company allowed these confidential lists to get out of their possession, as the hundreds of thousands of them in their files will attest.

Out of the vast volume of experience which they have to draw from, it is more than possible that they possess the very knowledge needed in your case. Nothing is asked in return except your good will, and their advice has helped thousands. Surely any woman, rich or poor, should be glad to take advantage of this generous offer of assistance. Address Lydia E. Pinkham Medicine Co., (confidential) Lynn, Mass.



Every woman ought to have Lydia E. Pinkham's 80-page Text Book. It is not a book for general distribution, as it is too expensive. It is free and only obtainable by mail. Write for it today.

W. N. U. 937

Under the system of a sample market of the kind in this case, the farmer is master of nothing. His wheat goes to Winnipeg, a sample is placed on the table in the grain exchange, and it is sold for whatever the buyer chooses to give him. All the guarantees of fair play which he now enjoys are sacrificed, and his grain is placed at the disposal of a crowd of speculators, who agree amongst themselves not to bid one against another, but to play into each others hands for their mutual benefit.

An attempt is being made to mislead the farmers on this matter, and false ideas and specious arguments are being used to trap the unwary. It is the old game of the spider and the fly. They make the statement that wheat which is between grades will bring a better price on a sample market for purposes of mixing with lower qualities. This is a fallacious argument. The farmer knows by past experience that the only people to profit by the mixing of grain are the dealers. In this regard a recent interview with Mr. J. H. Haslam who is well known throughout the west is worthy of careful consideration. Mr. Haslam who has just returned from Europe states that the western Canadian wheat is losing its pre-eminence on the British market, and he warns the farmers of the west that they must cease to it that they spend their best wheat pure to the Old Country if they wish to retain their hold on the market and secure the best prices. In the light of this, what becomes of the mixing argument? Two qualities of wheat cannot be mixed without lowering one of them, and in doing so you reduce the standard of all.

It must never be forgotten that the men who are seeking to establish a sample market in Canada who have always sought to exploit the wheat trade of the west to further their own interests and deprive the farmers of a legitimate price for their grain.

Wise mothers who know the virtues of Mother Graves' Worm Exterminator always have it at hand, because it proves its value.

MIGRATION OF BIRDS

Some Fly Two Miles High, Faster Than an Express Train

The problem of how small birds were able to manage long flights, often other countries exercised the minds of naturalists for centuries. The first man to collect accurate information on the subject was the late Herr Gatke. Living on the little island of Heligoland, in the direct route of migration, and entirely devoted to his subject, he was able to verify for himself many facts which had until then escaped notice.

For instance, he pointed out that birds on migration often fly very high—probably as much as 12,000 feet (over two miles) above the ground. That they do fly at a great height has been corroborated by astronomers, who have seen birds flying across the face of the moon at a height of not less than one mile.

Gatke's ideas on speed were probably exaggerated, but only by a theory of a tremendously swift flight at a high altitude. At any event the fact that certain birds were never or rarely seen in the countries between their Winter and summer quarters. For instance, he pointed out that the blue throat, which winters in Africa and breeds in Scandinavia, is but rarely met with in any of the countries on the line of route, such as Italy, Greece and Hungary or Germany.

When they arrived in Heligoland they came in large flocks, and were tired and exhausted; and they always arrived at the same hour—somewhat late in the morning. He thought it probable that they left Africa at dusk the previous evening, and by flying at the rate of 180 miles an hour seemed to be able to reach Heligoland in the one flight.

Between 1850 and 1887 the British Association granted some money to a special committee for the study of migration, and by means of schedules which information was collected about the birds that are killed annually at coast lights. Although many facts were thus obtained the observations in this respect are almost entirely dependent on weather conditions. In fact it may be said that the only migration that can be actually seen is that which has partially failed, for it is only when delayed or held back by storms or fog that birds obviously on passage are encountered along the coast or in other places where they are not usually found.

In Denmark and Germany ornithologists have been experimenting by ringing birds and having those that are caught with rings and addresses given on the aluminum band placed on the bird's leg. In this way the habits of migration, and the duration of flight and other facts are discovered. Storks have given the most valuable results from ringing. Without exception all storks that have been recovered in the autumn, after ringing had traveled in a due south-easterly direction.

From Hungary in Palestine no ringed birds have been procured, but from Palestine four have been returned, from Alexandria one, from Nubia one, Victoria Nyanza one, and no fewer than seven from the Transvaal. Natal, Basutoland, etc., while of the Hungarian storks (marked by the Hungarian office) no fewer than seventeen have been recorded from the various colonies in South Africa. It is therefore practically certain that north German and Hungarian storks travel south-east to Palestine and thence due south to South Africa.—The Strand.

Whiskers vs. Hamlet

Leading man is travelling company —We play Hamlet to-night, laddie, do we not?

Sub-manager—Yes, Mr. Montgomery.

Leading man—Then I must borrow the sum of two pence.

Sub-manager—Why?

Leading man—I have four days' growth upon my chin. One cannot play Hamlet in a beard.

Sub-manager—Um— Well. We'll put on Macbeth.

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A GRICULTURAL IMPLEMENTS

Blind Men Now See

Sometimes blindness is entirely due to nerves. A young farmer, hailing from Ohio, had been stone-blind for five years. The farmer had been under treatment by many eminent specialists, and had also entered a first-class eye-hospital, but no cure could be effected. The doctors were of opinion he was suffering from paralysis of the optic nerve, a disease considered hopeless. During last month the blind man began to suffer very much with his teeth, and at last he visited a dentist, who advised him to have three teeth extracted. Worn out with a long spell of toothache the farmer agreed; but no sooner did the dentist start to draw the second tooth than he jumped up, and exclaimed:—I can see! I can see the light; the crack in the window; and turning to the dentist with glee, he added, joyfully:—I can see you. The whole affair seemed to have been a miracle, as up to now no scientist has been able to connect the blindness with teeth. To a common-sense person the blindness appears to have been a case of 'nerves.' Possibly the man found his will was paralysed and worked himself into losing the sight of his eyes.

Another remarkable restoration of sight was the one which happened to a stonemason. He had been unable to see out of his right eye for over 10 years, but during one of the fierce gales which happened at Easter he had to cross a bleak moor with both the wind in his face, and a quantity of dust got into both his eyes. His right eye felt it the most, and began to stream with water. To try and relieve the pain the stonemason rubbed his left sight in both his eyes. Possibly many years ago a small piece of stone had got into his eye, and the extra flow of water and dust had enabled it to work its way out.

Shearing Sheep With a Machine

Shearing sheep with a machine is practical for most farmers, says the author of a text-book on the subject. By another machine, a man should have some knack with machinery to do the best work. The greatest advantage in using this method of shearing is that you get practically all the wool. During the World's Fair at St. Louis they had a contest between the old-fashioned method of shearing by hand and the newer one of clipping the sheep with the machine. After the expert hand shearer had finished a sheep the machine would clip about thirteen ounces of wool. So the saving of wool would soon pay for the shearing machine.

A man with from 25 to 100 head of sheep should use the hand machine, but with larger flocks the power machine is more practical. If one's neighbor raise sheep, they can install a power plant with a line shaft to run as many machines as they wish with a small gas engine. When shearing time comes they can set a day, collect their flocks and help each other. I have such a plant in my barn with three machines run from a line shaft with a three pulley; so each machine can be operated or stopped independently, as the shearer wishes, by shifting the belt from the tight to the loose pully. We shear with this plant, running three machines, about 200 sheep an hour, and with the average farm hands. A quick, strong young man with practice should shear 100 or more, while the expert will turn off 200 with one machine. But the average farm hand, to do a nice job, will average about 75 a day.

One of the greatest advantages in having a shearing plant with several machines is that you shear your whole flock in a day. Then have them back to grass with their lambs. If you are two or three days shearing there is considerable loss to the lamb crop from keeping them up. Machine sheared sheep also look much better.—Southern Agriculturist.

Queer Collections

Collectors gather together articles more or less interesting, but probably few go in for such bulky objects as those chosen by a distinguished British lisher. Old doors are the object of his desire. His doors come from old country houses, and always add historical interest. Some time ago he obtained, at considerable cost, a door from Newgate, which, during the great solution, Marie Antoinette, Charlotte Corday, Danton, and Robespierre passed on their way to the guillotine. Lord Petersham, a noted man in his day, had a hobby for acquiring various kinds of tea and snuff. The Dowager-Queen of Italy has a collection of the tea and tea-caddies of Royal personages of different periods. It is said to include a sandal worn by Nero, a pair of white slippers that belonged to Mary, Queen of Scots; shoes worn by Queen Anne and the Empress Josephine, and gloves that were once the property of Marie Antoinette.

Dolly in Dismay

Dorothy—Mother, when I get married shall I have a husband like pa?

Mother—Certainly, my dear.

Dorthy—And if I stay single shall I be an old maid like Aunt Anna.

Mother—I think you will.

Dorothy (with a deep sigh)—Well I am in a fix.

Ready for Anything

The new cook came out and did very well her first afternoon at Lonesville. After dinner she approached the head of the house.

"How early shall I have to get up in the morning?" she enquired.

"Well, said Mr. Subbubs, the first train for the city leaves here at 6.35. You will have to get up about 6 if you want to make that."

Tailed Birds

Curiosity is a strong feature in most birds. They will readily investigate anything new and bright-looking.

A small blue titmouse we once kept indoors for a week was a regular Paul Pry. His little body found its way into everything. Indeed, he was nearly drowned because, if a pitcher was on the table, he was sure to go into it; and to get out again with wet wings was not easy.

The tomtit's voice is a great assistance in the taming of any wild creature. A soft, gentle tone and kind manner will go far to win the confidence of birdish hearts. In fact, it is only a matter of time and patience; the wildest specimens will become friendly.

At first their apparent tameness is mainly cupboard love, but in time it does often result in real personal affection. Then a delightful thing to possess a bird who will welcome your coming with out-stretched wings and every sign of overflowing joy.

A cardinal grosbeak which I once possessed for fourteen years would perch on my knee, and his whistling food would remain untouched while I warbled to me in the most gushing manner.

Digby, N.S.

Minard's Liniment Cog Limited.

Gentlemen.—Last August my horse was badly cut in eleven places by a barbed wire fence. I have one of the cuts, (small ones) healed soon, but the others became foul and rotten, although I tried many kinds of medicine they had no beneficial result. At last a doctor was sent for to use MINARD'S LINIMENT and in four weeks' time every sore was healed and my horse was working again in fine condition. The Liniment is certainly wonderful in its working.

JOHN F. R. HOLDEN.

Witness, Perry Baker.

Bicycles in War

A correspondent, interested in the hitherto neglected branch of the service, will be gratified to learn that active authorities are beginning to take serious notice of the possibilities involved in the use of the cycle in war. A pamphlet has been issued made of late in its employment for purposes of defence at home, in proof of which it is only necessary to refer to the increase in the number of purely cycle battalions volunteered for in the Editorial Force. But above and beyond that is the information contained in the new Field Service Regulations, which shows an increase in the number of bicycles in the regular Army, and a greater recognition of the motor cycle. A cavalry division has now 18 motor cycles and 271 ordinary bicycles, against 118 of the latter hitherto. All this is very encouraging to those enthusiasts who have hitherto met with a somewhat cold reception from the Authorities at the War Office, and for our part we regret there is no sign of any cyclists units in the Regular Army so far.

Minard's Liniment Cures Garget in Cows.

Ugly Feet Due to Bad Boots

Parents who desire to save their children much suffering from malformation of the feet in after years will do well to pay careful attention to the advice given by the London County Council Medical Officer for Education. He warns parents against allowing their children to wear heavy rigid, improperly-shaped boots, and points out that much of the footgear worn by school children is made regardless of anatomical considerations so that the foot is forced to conform to the shape of the boot.

Never mind about a boot being of a fashionable shape, and whenever possible pay a good price for a pair. See that the leather is of that softness and pliancy which will conform to the shape of the foot; otherwise, if the foot of the child is forced into a boot of unyielding leather, rendered unbendable by nails and rivets used in the process of manufacture, it is cramped, and in the end is deformed.

The result of wearing badly-made and unsuitable boots is that the great toes of many children, before the age of 14, are found to be forced outwards from the middle line, and the little toes of them are flat-footed. Then, again, many people seem to think that it is necessary for a little boy's boot always be supported by a stiffly-laced boot, which makes the ankle almost unbendable. This is entirely wrong. The ankle, like the foot, should be free for any movement, and the natural tendency of a child is the habit of shuffling along, or with an exaggerated movement of the knee joint, lifting the foot off the ground and carrying it forward without any flexion of the ankle-joint, thus getting into that flat-footed manner of walking which is so ugly and prevents indulgence in healthful exercise.

Russia's army in times of peace numbers 1,200,000, and in case of war it can be nearly quadrupled.

Regularity

of the bowels is an absolute necessity for good health. Unless the waste matter from the food which collects there is got rid of at least once a day, it decays and poisons the whole body, causing biliousness, indigestion and sick headaches. Salts and other harsh mineral purgatives irritate the delicate lining of the bowels. Dr. Morse's Indian Root Pills—entirely vegetable—regulate the bowels effectively without weakening, sickening or griping. Use

Dr. Morse's Indian Root Pills

Sinister.—This bill was innocent on its face, but beneath there lurked a most sinister significance.

The speaker, Senator Clarke, was discussing Little Rock's measure of which he disapproved.

The bill reminded me, in fact, he said, of a little Rock urchin's question. His question, innocent enough in appearance, dear knows, was this:

"Would you mind making it more like a frog, uncle?

And why? said the uncle, with an amused smile, why, Tommy, do you desire me to make a noise like a frog.

Because, replied the urchin, whenever I ask daddy to buy me anything he always says, wait till your uncle croaks.—New York Tribune.

Pat Knows Everything

Willie—Paw, what is a labor of love?

Paw—That's when a pitcher and a catcher help dig a baseball out of an umpire's eye.

Has 152 Living Descendants

Henry Smallwood, aged 91, formerly employed as a taximaker of High Wycombe, has 152 descendants living, including 83 great-grandchildren. He has a brother aged 92 and a sister aged 89. A son, a grandson, a great-grandson, and a great-great-grandson are all named Henry.—London Daily Mail.

For tenting guns safely the British army fires them from within steel cages, made strong enough to catch flying fragments should they burst

"I Want You to Have My New Portable Granary"

"I have a money-saving invention—handy granaries to allow field threshing over your farm. Move them about each year. You save long hauls at harvest time. In spring you scatter small straw stacks —no burning of straw."

"These granaries come in compact bundles. A boy can set up and bolt one together in a few hours. Four padlocks protect the grain. Separator delivery into a spout on the side or into roof manhole—saves work during threshing. Your grain is protected from vermin, wet and thieves. I will it when you are ready, loading direct from the granary into your wagon, or bagging it. No musty or heated grain. Quiet my granary and be independent of elevators for selling. Sell at the highest price, no matter how long you store your grain. The Pedlar Granary protects you."

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Our Lumber Department is ready at all times to quote on outside sized doors, windows, etc., conditionally that the buyer furnishes an itemized list in order that we may quote redh-bottom figures. If you intend building this summer, you will do well to obtain our prices—quality considered, they are unequalled. Any of the plans shown in our Spring and Summer Catalogue may be had for $2.50, which amount will be refunded on receipt of order for lumber. However, if you prefer building from your own plans send us your bill of material and we will quote a price for all the material necessary, laid down in your own town.

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Painting, Decorating and Papering Hanging.

First-class Work Guaranteed.

Synopsis of Canadian Northwest Land Regulations.

Any person who is the sole head of a family or any male over 18 years old, may homestead a quarter section of available Dominion land in Manitoba, Saskatchewan or Alberta. The applicant must appear in person at the Dominion Lands Agency or Sub-Agency for the district. Entry by proxy may be made at any agency on certain conditions, by father, mother, son, daughter, brother or sister of intending homesteader.

Duties—Six months' residence upon and cultivation of the land in each of three years. A homesteader may live within nine miles of his homestead on a farm of at least 80 acres solely owned and occupied by him or by his father, mother, son, daughter, brother or sister.

In certain districts a homesteader in good standing may pre-empt a quarter section alongside his homestead. Price $3.00 per acre. Duties—Must reside six months in each of six years from date of homestead entry (including the time required to earn homestead patent) and cultivate fifty acres extra.

A homesteader who has exhausted his homestead right and cannot obtain a pre-emption may enter for a purchased homestead in certain districts. Price $3.00 per acre. Duties—Must reside six months in each of three years, cultivate fifty acres and erect a house worth $300.00.

Coal—Coal mining rights may be leased for a period of twenty-one years renewable at an annual rental of $1 per acre; not more than 2,560 acres shall be leased to one individual or company. A royalty at the rate of five cents per ton shall be collected on the merchantable coal mined.

W. W. CORY,
Deputy of the Minister of the Interior.

N. B.—Unauthorized publication of this advertisement will not be paid for.

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Physician and Surgeon

REDCLIFF - - - ALBERTA

Office, Drug Store

THE DUDE RANCH.

We used to run a cow ranch
In all that old term meant,
But all our ancient glories
In recent years have went.
We're takin' summer boarders,
And, puttin' it quite rude,
It's now the cowboy's province
To herd the fruitful dude.

We used in run an outfit,
The greatest in the west,
Our cowboys were the wonders;
Our roundups were the best.
The punchers still are with us,
But now they merely guide
The tenderfoot from Boston
Who's learning how to ride.

We used to brand our cattle
And ship 'em wide and far,
But now we import humans
From off the Pullman car.
The dudes have got to captured
And tied and branded, too,
And the cowboy's ridin' lissen
When his daily toil is through.
—Denver Republican.

Don't Forget This.

Don't forget that after you are dead people will remember you, not for the clothes you wore, but for the things you did.—Chicago Record-Herald.

Excusion Trains for Farm Laborers

TORONTO, Aug. 20.—A large number of harvesters were sent West on Wednesday by both the C. P. R. and the G. T. R., the C. P. R. running a special. Since the last excursion many harvesters have left nightly on the regular trains.

Wednesday between 1,500 and 2,000 left for the harvest fields. On account of the urgent appeal from the west for additional farm labors the Grand Trunk railway has decided to run two more farm labors' excursions on Sept. 4 and 6 from all its stations in Eastern Canada.

For Sale!

Lots 17 and 18, block 77 These lots are on the corner of Broadway and Sixth street. The price is $1,600 for the two. Two of the finest business lots in Redcliff. Terms one-third cash, balance six and twelve months. For further information see W. H. Hatcher, Review office.

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THE REDCLIFF REVIEW

W. H. HATCHER, Publisher.

Subscription - - $1.50 Per Year

Advertising Rates on Application

FRIDAY, AUG. 30, 1912.

TOWN OF REDCLIFF.

After waiting for nearly ten months the rate payers' petition asking for a town charter, has been granted.

Under the town charter the municipality will have greatly increased powers in the way of municipal improvements, and one of the first things the new town council should do is to provide for a larger water supply by erecting a much larger tank on the hill, and when this is done there should be some fire appartus purchased so that we will be able to fight any fire that might be started. The matter of fire protection will soon become a very serious question, as the insurance companies may refuse to write any insurance in Redcliff unless the town provides sufficient appartus to fight fires with.

TO THE POINT.

[From the Chicago News.]

Better a slip of the foot than a slip of the tongue.

Many a theatrical advance agent makes a show of himself.

A woman is thankful for little things—if she has small feet.

The world doesn't stand still and wait to hear your side of the story.

Most men are willing to qualify as reformers—if they are allowed to pick out the starting point.

One drink, like one word, usually brings on another.

A new broom sweeps clean, but it soon becomes old.

Anyway, the spirit mediums seem to have a ghost of a show.

Platonic love is something like perpetual motion—a beautiful theory that nobody has every been able to work out.

Great wit is said to be akin to madness, yet we never hear os a man going about boasting of his superior insanity.

A mother is firmly convinced that the baby loves her more than it loves its father—merely because it cries for her when it is hungry.

A female philosopher says that as long as a woman can keep him thinking she is worth reaching for.

More often it is the man who gets justice that kicks.

People who build castles in the air are never sure of their ground.

A man may be one in a thousand without inspiring envy in the other 999.

The devil doesn't have to work much because his converts do it for him.

A man's funny story becomes the saddest of all to him when somebody else tells it just before he has a chance.

Memorial Services for Booth Sunday

Memorial services for the late commander-in-chief of the Salvation Army will be held throughout the British Isles and in every country of the world where Salvation Army corps are established, on Sunday, Sept. 1.

Three services will be held in Congress Hall, London, Eng. They will be led by General Bramwell Booth and his wife, who will be accompanied by Miss Eva Booth, commander of the Salvation Army in the United States, and Mrs. Booth-Helberg.